



POEMS
TOMAS ARCHIBALD

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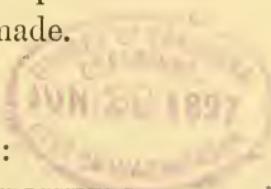
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SOME SCRIBBLES

—BY—

HUGH ARCHIBALD.

Hour by hour and day by day,
I have scribbled time away;
Sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
Till I've filled my book at last.
If it does but half the good
That I'd like to think it would,
I shall feel quite well repaid
For the effort I have made.



NEW YORK:
THE IRVING CO., PUBLISHERS.
1897.

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1897

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Hugh Archibald

1897

A RAINY DAY.

My name's Hugh Archibald, my age
Is twenty, and my home is
About three-quarters of a mile
Right straight south of Nokomis.

I'm working out six miles from home,
As near as I can tell you;
Dick Randle is my master's name—
He is a clever fellow.

The year is eighteen eighty three,
The way the almanac reckons;
To-day is Sunday, June the tenth,
And raining like the Dickens.

The country here is very flat,
The season, being rainy,
Has injured all the fields of corn,
And ruined a good many.

Of course the farmers all are blue,
And all complain like thunder;
And with the prospect they have got,
It isn't any wonder.

The rain to-day broke up Dick's plans—
He aimed to visit Denton,—
And he's done nothing all forenoon
But just complained and went on.

He wishes, when Win Stanley left,
That he to work had gone,
And sold Jane to the Kettlekamps,
And farmed the place alone.

I wish that he had done so too;
Jane's so infernal lazy,
That, when I have to work with her,
She nearly puts me crazy.

I think next year, if I work out,
I'll write a letter, either
To Wiggins or Professor Tice,
And ask about the weather.

And if it's going to be dry,
I'll stay here and not worry;
But if 'tis not, you bet your boots,

I'll get out in a hurry;

And go down south of town, to where
The country's not so level;
Where in wet years they raise good crops,
And feel like talking civil.

I don't think hard of Dick, at all,
Nor think he's much to blame;
I guess, if I were in his place,
I'd grumble just the same.

But now the rain has almost stopped,
The clouds are getting thinner;
And I must go and feed, for it
Is nearly time for dinner.

A VISIT TO IRVING.

I thought I'd take a holiday,
If I from Dick could get away;
And go to Irving where I'd see
Some friends that live there, dear to me.

Dick said for all we had to do,
I might go if I wanted to;
So I got ready, and started soon,
To catch the train that afternoon..

I got in to the train all right,
And got to Irving before night,
And, as I started up the street,
Jim Bostick I did chance to meet.

Walking along the street with Jim—
“How is Jutie Grantham?” I asked him;
He looked up strangely, then he said;
“Didn’t you know it? Jute is dead.”

And then ’twas me looked strange at him,
And said, “Taint so, you’re joking, Jim,”
For I couldn’t believe it, yet I knew,
From the way he looked that it was true.

Most of my old friends I did see,
And all of them were kind to me;
The time passed pleasantly away,
I have enjoyed my holiday.

But now, while on the forenoon train,
Going back to home and work again.
It still keeps ringing in my head,
Like some one speaking, “Jute is dead.”

She was so young, she was so fair,
It seemed that life had taken care,

And to her every blessing gave,
And now she's lying in her grave.

JANUARY 24TH, 1884.

Farewell to infidelity!

Though in its paths I long have trod;
And thought it sounded brave and free,
When I could say, "There is no God."

I did not say it with my tongue,
But in my heart like David's fool;
For in that heart sin had control,
And reigned with an unbroken rule.

When I heard Mr. Spilman preach,
And felt convinced that I was wrong,
Even then I thought I'd go right on
As I'd been living all along.

But when I to my senses came,
And saw the ugly side of sin,—
The side that God sees all the time,—
It was too much and I gave in.

A full surrender I have made
To God, and he has taken me;
From this time only Him I'll serve,—
Farewell to infidelity.

Let other people seek abroad
Such joy as this world can afford;
I'll find mine at the house of God,
And in the service of my Lord.

THE FIRST BREAK IN THE G. A. R. POST AT NOKOMIS.

A summer Sabbath morn,
With flowers all in bloom;
A quiet peaceful home,
A darkened, curtained room,
And there within his narrow bed,
Is Doctor Taylor, lying dead.
A man whose virtues are extolled,
A man whose faults are seldom told,
Because his life was spent so well
That there are very few left to tell.

His comrades of the Post,
To do him honor, come.
A gap is in their ranks,—
A soldier has gone home.
His pass, by the great Captain sealed,
Has given him leave to quit the field.
For him life's warfare all is o'er,
Its battles he shall fight no more;

His part in it was nobly done,
And now he to his rest has gone.

Slowly, with solemn step,
Their comrade's pall they bear
To its last resting place,
And they must leave it there.
They heap the earth above his breast,
And then they leave him to his rest.
To rest till that last trumpet-call,
Whose sound shall waken one and all,
And all life's soldiers, far and near,
Shall be compelled to answer "Here."
And from their Master and their Lord,
Each shall receive his just reward.

The funeral was grand,
And had been grander still,
Had it not been that 'twas
'Gainst Mrs. Taylor's will;
A soldier's burial they had gave,—
Had fired the guns above the grave,
And had the band a dirge to play,
For him whom death had called away;
He honored them while he had breath,
They would have honored him in death.

But what of what it was,
Or what it might have been?
We know it could not make,
A difference to him then;
He could not see his widow's tear,
His comrades' sigh he could not hear.
His body lies beneath the sod,
His soul has gone to meet its God.
Well may they mourn their comrade lost!
It is the first break in the Post;
A Post that cannot number more,
But always fewer than before,
As death shall call them, one by one,
Until the last old soldier's gone.
God grant that at the last roll-call,
They may be ready, one and all,
Without a doubt, without a fear.
When called upon to answer "Here,"
And give account of what they've done,
Of battles fought and victories won,
And each receive from his great Lord,
A crown of peace for a reward.

IN MEMORY OF T. J. BOSTICK.

The weary, weary, struggle's past;
The race is run, the end has come;

His suffering is o'er at last,
And death has taken poor young Tom.
The sleepless night, the day of pain,
For him shall never come again;
With white hands folded on his breast,
He in his coffin lies at rest.

How white and still that face within!
Yet it seems that some of the old time grace,
Although it is sunken, pale and thin,
Lingers about that poor, dead face.
They've fastened down the coffin lid;
His face is now forever hid,
As 'neath the trees, whose branches wave,
We bear him, sadly, to his grave.

This is the end of life, we must
All make the grave our final home;
“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”—
Shovel in the clods on him, poor Tom!
We wonder why he had to die,
But 'tis not ours to question why;
'Twas God that took him home to rest;
Why did he take him? God knows best.

A WONDER.

The day of miracles has gone;
But something happened, t'other day,
That I believe would pass for one;
Our minister had gone away
On business, as the people thought,
But you can't guess to save your life
What 'twas he brought back home with him,
So I will tell you,—'twas a wife.

He'd passed the age of forty-five,
At least that is what the people say;
But whether that is true or not,
He was a bachelor, anyway.
And folks that knew him thought that he
Would be a bachelor all his life;
And so were very much surprised
When Mr. Spilman got a wife.

May they be blest with a long life,—
May they be happy every day,—
And always have each other's love,
And friends to cheer them on their way.
And may they every blessing have
That goes to make a happy life,
Is the true wish of every friend
Of Mr. Spilman and his wife.

LITTLE NETTIE.

There's a little girl I know;
'Tis a joy for me to hear her
Childish talk, and see her face,
And to spend the moments near her.
Pretty as a picture is,
And as good as she is pretty;
Who could see her and not love
This sweet maiden, little Nettie?

Happy all the day is she;
Never knows an hour of sadness;
Always full of joy and glee,
Always running o'er with gladness.
Free from trouble and from care,
Is the blithesome little creature,
With her bright and sunny smile,
And her bright and sunny nature.

But my girl is growing up;
Soon will cease her childish prattle;
Soon will lay her playthings by
And take part in life's great battle.
Oh! wherever she may be,
May the God of love and pity,

Ever watch and ever guard
And protect my sister Nettie.

PICTURES.

1. The First Glass.

A young man takes a social glass,—
Just one glass and no more;
But it makes an appetite
He had not felt before;
That never slumbers from that hour,
But always gains in strength and power,
It may be slow, but sure.
The more he keeps it gratified,
The more it will not be denied.

2. The Downward Course.

That appetite grows strong within;
How strong he hardly knows,
Until at last he cannot break
The chain it 'round him throws,
Nor tear himself free from its curse;
But keep on getting worse and worse,
And ever downward goes;

Until at last, a loathsome thing,
He's in the gutter wallowing.

3. The Drunkard's Death.

And then the drunkard's madness comes,—
A hundred horrors blend
In one, and seem to seek the soul,
He's powerless to defend.
With bloated face and tainted breath,
He goes to meet the drunkard' death
And that is not the end.
Nor mortal tongue nor pen can tell
The horrors of a drunkard's hell.

4. The Funeral.

"The Saviour says he is the life,"
The minister does tell;
"If one believe, though he should die,
With him all shall be well.
'Tis written in God's book so fair"—
STOP! Something else is written there
That echoes like a knell;
A solemn warning, plainly given,—
"No drunkard can inherit heaven."

What Shall We Do?

You say we temperance folks are wild,
And don't know what we do;
You say that we are bigoted,
And very foolish, too;
That there's no cause for our alarm,—
A little liquor does no harm,—
But can you prove it true?
Has not the drunkard that you pass,
At one time taken his first glass?

And does not his experience teach
It was that glass that gave
A start upon the road that leads
Down to the drunkard's grave?
What if 'twere traveled by your child?
Would you still laugh and call us wild,
Or seek that child to save?
Yet who can tell, the very one
To walk that road, may be your son.

Then let us join together, and
Do everything we can,
In every way that we know how,
Or can contrive or plan,
As long as we're above the sod,
To do our duty to our God
And to our fellow man,

By driving out this tempting curse
Forever from the universe.

ASKING FOR BREAD AND RECEIVING A STONE.

Why is it that people will honor the dead?
Who would let them, when living, go hungry for bread;
Who would leave them neglected and friendless to roam,
Like the author who wrote us the song of "Sweet Home."
In life no one lent to him a helping hand,
So he wandered and died in a far-away land;
But when he was dead and his wanderings done,
They brought him back home and they gave him a stone.

Why is the poor man whom the world has served hard,
Who has toiled all his life for but little reward,
Although he be honest and true as the steel,
Made the scorn of his wealthier neighbor to feel?
They try to oppress him, they do it the more
Because he's unlucky, downtrodden, and poor;
But when he is dead they will say all they can
In praise of their neighbor who was a good man!
As though they had said, "Our neighbor is gone;
We denied to him bread, we'll give him a stone."

Perhaps some poor father is now growing old,

Who, to rear up his children, through heat and through cold,
Has toiled late and early for many a day;
But now he finds out that he's just in the way.
His children can't keep him, or don't want to try,
And perhaps he must go to the poorhouse to die.
Then those children will mourn for their father that's gone,
And to show their affection they give him a stone.

Or, perhaps 'tis the mother, who, when they were young,
Would soothe them to sleep with her kind, loving song;
Who has toiled like the father, the family to rear,
Who made their home happy for many a year,
Who to save her child's life would have given her own,
But now they forsake her and leave her alone;
Yes, leave her to struggle, unaided and poor,
Till life's weary battle is finally o'er.
And then they will mourn her, their mother that's gone,
And to show how they loved her they give her a stone.

Oh, children! don't leave them when they're old and gray;
You owe them a debt that you never can pay.
Remember they loved you; remember that when
You were feeble and helpless, they cared for you then;
And now they are feeble and you young and strong,

Pay the debt while you may, they can't be with you long.

And don't let them say of you, daughter or son,
That they asked you for bread and you gave them a stone.

Why is it that people will honor the dead?
Who would let them, while living, go hungry for bread.
Deny them while living the blessings they crave,
And repay them with marble when they're in the grave.
Why is it said truly of many a one,
In life they asked bread, in death got a stone?

JAMES AND DICK'S TROUBLE.

Jim went to see his old friend Dick,
And said, "I'll tell you what I'll do;
If you will get a wife for me,
Then I will give a cow to you."

So Dick went to a certain place,
And there he saw a lady fair,
Who said that she would marry Jim,
And so 'twas settled, then and there.

But ah, those women! it won't do
To trust them; on the day that Jim

Had set to be his wedding day,
This lady fair went back on him.

And so he is a widower still,
And Dick has lost his cow as well;
And which has met the greater loss,
It would be very hard to tell.

But Jim's a very plucky man,
And when he saw his hopes were gone,
As far as that lady was concerned,
He hunted up another one.

So he at last, is coupled fast;
His trouble all is over now.
But Dick is not so lucky, quite,
For he has never got the cow.

THE GIRL THAT "TOOK THE CAKE."

Last Christmas night the G. A. R.
Gave entertainment at the hall,—
A camp-fire I believe 'twas called,—
And they invited one and all,
And people old and young were there,
And quite a good-sized crowd did make;
But there was one among them all,
Who, all admitted, "took the cake."

The cake was a great big affair,
All frosted over white and nice;
It looked so good and sweet, my mouth
Just fairly watered for a slice.
'Twas bought at auction by the Post,
And they decided they would make
A present of the cake to her,
And so, of course, she took the cake.

And there was nothing wrong with that;
She had a right to it, for she
Is a nice girl in every way,
And pretty, too, as she can be.
I do not wish to flatter her,
But I have this remark to make;
Of all the girls that I do know,
She is the girl that "takes the cake."

"I'M GONE.

"I tried to persuade him to keep on in his effort to give it up, but he said it was no use, he had not the strength.
'Good-by, Mr. Gough,' said he on leaving,
 'I'M A GONE LADDIE.' "

—Anecdote of John B. Gough.

I have not power to stop it;
The appetite's too strong;

I might have done it once, but I
 Have put it off too long.
From mind and will and body,
 It slowly took the strength;
While it kept getting firmer hold
 Upon me, till at length,
It has become the master,
 And I the slave at last;
There is no use to struggle now,
 It has me hard and fast.
No, no; you cannot help me,
 There is no use to try;
The appetite that burns within,
 Is stronger far than I.
I know where it will lead me,
 And yet I must go on;
'Tis past the time for stopping now,
 “Good-bye, kind friend, I'm gone.”

At first 'twas but a glassful,
 But 'twas not long before
One glassful would not quench the thirst,
 And then 'twas one glass more.
And I did not know my danger,
 I thought I was all right,
I did not dream of rousing such

A fearful appetite;
I thought that I could stop it
Whene’er I wanted to,
But now I find that ’tis a thing
I haven’t power to do.
It has its hold upon me,
’Tis dragging me right on,
’Twill land me in a drunkard’s grave,
“Good-bye, kind friend, I’m gone.”

You read the simple story;
And it is only one
Out of a hundred we might tell
About what rum has done;
About the fatal habit
That once gets hold of men,
And drags them down and down until
They cannot rise again.
Take heed, then, to the warning
And let the stuff alone,
Before it gets its hold on you,—
Before you, too, are gone.

THE AUDUBON BOYS.

(1885.)

They rip and tear, and shout and swear,

And drink and fight and carry on,
And smoke and chew tobacco, too,
For that's the style in Audubon.

They get out at night, when the moon shines bright,
And through the woods they rove and run,
And whoop and yell and "make things tell,"
For that's the style in Audubon.

They're jolly boys, they're fond of noise,
They're in for any kind of fun,
No difference what, so they don't get caught,
For that's the style in Audubon.

NOV. 12, 1886.

The great transaction's done at last;
The school examination's past;
Another month has gone.
We've had a general review,
And will know in a day or two.
How well we all have done.

The cold has made my head feel thick,
And as a natural consequence,
I'm half asleep, and two-thirds sick,
And haven't got a little sense;
And algebra, and 'rithmetic,

And present, past and future tense,
Along with all the rest,
Have suffered some on that account,
I do not know to what amount,
But I have done my best.

I have been up till half-past ten,
For the last night or two,
Which is one reason that I feel
As sleepy as I do.
To-night, perhaps, I'll go again
Out to the home of Doctor Strain,
(I was invited to,)
But that will be a different thing
From sitting down and studying,
For there we'll have a jolly time,
And only have to pay a dime, &c., &c.

“CAN’T LAST LONG.”

“Can’t last long,” the doctor said,—
Turned away and shook his head;
“His pulse is weak and very low,
I fear he soon will have to go;
Give the medicine yet with care,
While there is life we’ll not despair,
I only hope I may be wrong,
But I’m afraid he can’t last long.”

“Can’t last long!” and we look again
On that white, thin face, all twitched with pain,
And we think once more of the fearful change,
And it seems to us that ’tis all too strange,
To think the the one who there does lie,
Who, the doctor says, so soon must die,
Was, yesterday morning, well and strong;
“And now,” says the doctor, “he can’t last long.”

Yesterday morning full of life,
Ready for all its care and strife;
Busy with thoughts of the future, too,
Thinking of things that he would do,—
A clatter is heard out in the street,
“A man is under the horses feet!”
A mangled form picked up by the throng,—
“Bad, bad,” says the doctor, “can’t last long.”

“Can’t last long!” and who is it that can?
What, after all, is the life of man?
Fifty, or sixty or seventy years,
Spent amid cares, and hopes, and fears;
And then, when he takes a backward view,
It seems as though but a year or two
Has passed away since he was young;
And now he is old and can’t last long.

Well may we then, like David, call
On our Father above to help us all,
To so number our days as they pass by,
That our hearts to wisdom we may apply;
And lay treasure up where no thieves annoy,
Where neither the moth nor rust destroy;
And not live for the things we are now among,
Because when we get them they can't last long.

MAY 21, 1887 (School Closed Yesterday).

Farewell, my schoolmates all, to you;
Farewell, my teachers, good and true;
Farewell to study, book and rule;
Farewell to the Nokomis school.

The term has closed; our work is done;
For good or ill the time has gone;
Day after day has glided past,
And we are through with school at last.

Have we regrets for time mis-spent?
Or with our work are we content?
No difference now; regrets are vain,
The time can never come again.

The exercise at Weaver's Hall,
That was so dreaded by us all,

Is over now, and people tell
That we got through it very well.

And now we part, and where to go,
Or what to meet, we cannot know.
The future is a hidden field,—
A page that from our view is sealed.

Honor and fame may wait for some,
While riches may to others come;
And some in humbler ways must spend
The years that God to them shall send.

May He be with us every one,
And guide us as we journey on;
And in the school of life, may He
Prepare us for eternity.

TO-DAY SHALL NEVER DAWN AGAIN.

I once did ask a schoolmate dear
To write a line for me,
By which I might remember her,
When parted we should be.
She said of course she would, as soon
As she could find a pen;
And wrote, "Remember that
TO-DAY SHALL NEVER DAWN AGAIN."

“To-day shall never dawn again;”
 Let us improve it while we may;
If we have anything to do,
 The time to do it is to-day.
The past has gone and can’t return;
 The future lies beyond our ken;
To-day’s the only day we have
 And it shall never dawn again.

Each day its daily duty brings;
 Each day that duty should be done;
For if another comes to us,
 It will have duties of its own;
Then let us do our daily task,
 Nor shirk to put it off, for then
It may forever be undone,—
 “To-day shall never dawn again.”

We can pass through this world but once;
 The end draws nearer every day;
Our friends and neighbors all around,
 Are hastening on the self-same way.
Then let us never lose a chance
 To do good to our fellow-men,
But always help them when we can,—
 “To-day shall never dawn again.”

With pleasures all our paths are strewn,
That we might have if we would try;
But we would work for money now,
And look for pleasure by and by.
When we are old, though we have gold,
There'll be no time for pleasure then;
So let us have it while we may,—
“To-day shall never dawn again.”

But pleasures cannot always last,
And we must meet with days of care,
When heart and brain are filled with pain,
That drives us nearly to despair.
When we have reached the darkest day,
If we but live another, then
The darkest day will have passed away,—
“To-day shall never dawn again.”

The longest life a man can live,
For doing right is none too long;
And doesn't leave us any time
To throw away in doing wrong.
When things would draw us from the right,
God help us to remember then,
We haven't time to waste in sin,—
“To-day shall never dawn again.”

The time comes sure and soon to all,
When joy and sorrow shall be done;
This life's chief business is to
Get ready for the other one.

Christ says to every one, "To-day,
Come and be saved, ye sons of men;"
Oh, let us seek him while we may,—
"To-day shall never dawn again."

And when our earthly days are past,
And earthly nights fore'er are gone,
God grant that waking up from death,
May be for us a glorious dawn.
And may we make our future home,
When earthly things have passed away,
Where dawns and dark'nings never come,
But all is one eternal day.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

"Remember ye the Sabbath day,"—
"See that you keep it holy, too."
It is the day that God hath blessed;
He hath reserved one day in seven
To be his holy day of rest;
The other six to men are given,
In which their work to do.

But on the seventh day, the Lord
Commandeth us that we shall cease
From worldly work and worldly cares,—
Shall lay aside the world's affairs,
And spend the day in rest and peace,
And meditation on his word;
Or gather at the public place
Of worship, and with others there,
Observe the appointed means of grace,
And serve the Lord with praise and prayer.
'Tis surely right to serve him thus,
For so he hath commanded us.

"Remember ye the Sabbath day;"—
It has a pleasant sound to some;
They love to see the Sabbath come;
The Sabbath bells they love to hear,
Ring out the message loud and clear,
That calls them from the care and strife
And worry of a busy life,
Which through the week on them have pressed,
And bids them take a Sabbath's rest.
A blessing 'tis to those who toil
With hardened hand and muscle strong;
Who swing the sledge, or till the soil,
Or in some way work all week long;
And to the careful business man,

Who all the week must count and plan;
And to the weary, careworn mother,
Who, save this day's rest, knows no other;
And to our faithful, humble friends,
 Who serve us well, though dumb,
It is a glorious blessing when
 The day of rest does come.
For God gives to us all indeed,
The very things that we most need.

“Remember ye the Sabbath day,”—
How many hear that don't obey,
Nor give to it a serious thought,
But act as though they heard it not!
Upon the streets in groups they mix,
Talk scandal, trade, or politics,
Or hear some junior Ingersoll
Declare that there's no God at all.
If spoken to about the way
In which they desecrate the day,
They say “There is a law, 'tis true,
Forbids us doing as we do,
But we don't mind it now, you know,
It's old, and played out long ago.”
And yet 'tis God's divine command,
And to the end of time shall stand,
Whatever men may do or say:
“Remember ye the Sabbath day.”

The politicians think that they

The holy hours must sometimes use;

"This matter now we must discuss,

'Tis an important one to us,

It is important to the State,

It is a thing that will not wait,

There's always danger in delay,

We haven't any time to lose;

'Tis a long time from now to Monday,

Let's meet and talk it over Sunday;

The nation must be kept," they say.

Well, who keeps nations, anyway?

"My chosen people I will blot

Out as a nation," said the Lord,

"Because my statutes they forgot,

My Sabbaths they remembered not,"—

And God has kept his word.

While newspapers are printed Sundays,

The same as Saturdays or Mondays;

And up and down the rivers float

The pleasure-seekers in their boat;

And trains run on excursion rates,

All over the United States;

And men in almost every way

Now desecrate the holy day,

Until it may be questioned whether

We'll not soon lose it altogether;

Has not the nation cause to fear
That God will send his vengeance here?
And if he should, to what would then
Amount the plans of finite men?
Better acknowledge him as Lord,
Trust him, and take him at his word,
Hear his commands and then obey,
“Remember ye the Sabbath day.”

“Remember ye the Sabbath day;”
“Try me and prove me,” God hath said,
 “I ask but to be tried of men;
If by words thou wilt be led,
 See if I will not give thee then,
A blessing that can not be told;
A blessing that you can not hold;”
“Of old my servants found me true;
If you will try me, so will you.”
“I have been young, I now am old,
 Yet in my life,” hath David said,
“I never saw the righteous man
 Forsaken, nor his seed beg bread.”
And if God takes for his own use,
 Of every week the seventh day,
The fullness of the earth is his,
 And he is able to repay;
And we can surely well afford
To leave such matters to the Lord.

“Remember ye the Sabbath day,”—
Each Sabbath is a stepping-stone
For us to go to Heaven on;
And rest and peace and sweet content,
Come from a Sabbath day well spent;
That finds us, when the eve does come,
“A Sabbath’s journey” nearer home.
For earthly weeks will soon be o’er,
And earthly Sabbaths be no more;
God grant that when the end does come
To us of earthly things, we may
Awake to make our future home
In his eternal Sabbath day.

THE NORMAL AT HILLSBORO. (1887.)

FIRST EVENING.

The weather’s hot; the sun beats down
Upon the dry and dusty town,
Sending its heat to earth, and then
The earth reflects it back again,
Giving to us poor creatures here
The benefit of both; and we’re
Compelled to take it; for no one
Has power to stop the shining sun.

The ladies here have some perfume
That is so strong it scents the room,
And sets my head all in a whizz;
I don't know what the douce it is.
The number here is eighty-three;
A thing that quite surprises me,
Though some who have been here before
Say there have been as many more.
Professor Bassett's dark and tall;
Professor Bowlby's rather small,
He's crippled too and don't look strong;
Professor Ayres is rather young;
And as for Jesse Barrett, well,
Of him there's nothing new to tell.

LATER.

The weather here is still,—oh well,—
How hot I hardly like to tell;
But still there's no one here that's fool
Enough to say that it is cool.
We fan and sweat, and sweat and fan,
And do the very best we can.
We get enough of bread and meat,
And other stuff that's good to eat,
And then we get a little sleep,

And so we hope alive to keep.
With flies the livelong day we fight,
And with mosquitoes all the night,
And that keeps our ideas bright.
But we do get one good thing,—
That is water from the spring,
In a barrel along with ice;
Very cold and very nice.

STILL LATER.

One hundred sixty-three in all,
Answered this morning at roll-call.
Teachers all—of every kind;
Trying to improve the mind,
Teachers short and teachers tall,
Teachers large and teachers small,
Teachers old and teachers young,
Teachers weak and teachers strong,
Teachers nice and teachers neat,
Teachers sour and teachers sweet,
Teachers dark and teachers white,
Teachers heavy, teachers light,
Teachers dull and teachers bright;
And a better-looking set
Never got together yet.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11TH.

Day by day has glided past,
And to-morrow is the last;
So there's only one day more,
Till our mis'ry will be o'er,
And deliverance will come,
When we'll all set out for home.
Yet our teachers have been good,
And have helped us all they could;
And we might, if it had not
Been so everlasting hot,
Have enjoyed ourselves right well,
And had better news to tell
Of the time we spent together;
But we can not help the weather.

THE CURSE OF RUM.

There is a fearful curse,
That on our land does rest;
Both on the rich and poor,
And from the east to west.
It holds men in its power,
With chains as firm as steel,
So that they can't shake off
The iron grasp they feel.

It turns them into beasts,
In everything but form;

Where'er its power is felt,
'Tis only felt for harm.
It brings both pain and fear,
Wherever it does come,
To mother, wife, and child,—
Shall I tell its name? 'tis rum.

It is a thing to loathe;
It is a thing to fear;
It is devoid of good,
And yet 'tis nourished here.
For some men care not at all
How deep or black the sin,
If it does no harm to them,
And brings the money in.

And so 'tis naught to them,
That back along the years,
The monster may be traced
By a track of blood and tears.
That men have sunk to death,
With all their honor gone,
And ruined other lives,
As well as lost their own.

“It gives us a revenue,”—
These people argue thus;
“It builds our sidewalks, too,

And so it is money to us."
What shall it profit a man,
To gain the world so vast,
If the price he has to pay,
Be the loss of his soul at last?

When will we realize
That the time for work has come?
When will the nation rise
And throttle the monster, rum?
How long must the mother see
The son she loves so well,
Led out from the light of home,
Down into the paths of hell?

God bless the noble band
Of women, good and true,
Who form throughout the land,
The W. C. T. U.;
God bless the noble work,
That by them is being done,
To the saving in many a home,
Of the father, brother, and son.

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.

"Man wants but little here below,"

This saying causes mirth;
In early days perhaps 'twas so,
But now he wants the earth.

HUMOROUS SONNETS

Man crying comes into this world;
And all through life he cries,
Because, whate'er he has, 'tis not
The thing that satisfies.

When he has not a single cent,
He thinks then that if he
Had but one thousand dollars, O,
How happy he would be!

And when he has one thousand
He's no better than before;
For that is only just enough
To make him wish for more.

And so it is with him through life,
While years are going past;
The more he has the more he wants,
Nor is content at last.

But while he still is pressing on
After some fancied prize,

Right in the midst of all his work,
The man lies down and dies.

And when he's dead they give to him,
Who ne'er was satisfied,
A spot of ground some six feet long
And thirty inches wide.

And even that is not his own,
For when the deed is made,
To heirs and to executors
The property's conveyed.

They go some five or six feet down
Into the yellow clay,
And put him there and cover him,
And there he has to stay.

And while he moulders back to dust,
The houses and the lands
For which he toiled so hard while here,
Pass into other hands.

Surely the poet wrote the truth,
Who wrote this in his song:
“Man wants but little here below.
Nor wants that little long.”

LUKE XIV., 17-20.

The feast has been prepared for all;
The master of the house has sent
His servants out to call them in,
When they begin with one consent,
To say: "Well, now, I hardly know;
I rather guess I cannot come;"
"I've bought a farm,"—"I've bought a team,"—
"I'm married,"—and they stay at home.

"I beg of thee have me excused,"—
"I've bought a farm,"—"I've bought a team,"—
"I'm married and I cannot come,"—
How trifling these excuses seem!
Yet men are round us every day,
Who make excuses just as lame,
For losing their immortal souls,
And half-way think they're not to blame;
For if 'twere not for certain things,
They really think that they would try;
But there are mole-hills in their way,
That, to their eyes, seem mountains high.

"There is that old church member now,
He isn't what he ought to be;

And that one that has just professed,
Will soon go back again, you'll see;
Besides I don't like some of the
Expressions that the preacher used;
And so I guess that, for a time
At least, I'd rather be excused."
Ah, Soul! Let them be good or bad,
It makes no difference to you.
You only have yourself to save,
And then you'll have enough to do.

"I want to dance and drink awhile,
And have some fun in other ways;
To bet and gamble, swear sometimes,
And break God's holy Sabbath days;
Of course I'd have to stop it all,
And I don't think I can afford
To give it up, just for a chance
To join the church and serve the Lord."
Perhaps that's what the rich man thought,
While here so sumptuously he dined;
But when he reached the lake of flame,
We read that he soon changed his mind.

"I want to make a few sharp trades,
And work sometimes on Sunday too;
And do some underhanded things

That Christians have no right to do;
Money is what I'm after now,
To have great wealth at my control,"—
What profit is it to a man,
To gain the world and lose his soul?

But, Soul! Whate'er be your excuse,
Look forward to the final day,
When you must meet the Lord as judge;
How will you like to hear him say:
"I know you not; I asked you once
For your acquaintance, but you know
You said you'd rather be excused,
And I excused you,—long ago."

"I came to earth and suffered death
That your salvation might be wrought;
But you paid no regard to that,
So now depart,—I know you not."
You are excused from heaven's bliss,—
Excused to hell's eternal woe,—
You know it was your own request,
And I excused you,—you may go."

Ah, Soul! 'Twere better for to seek
The Lord whose mercy you've abused,
And make your peace with him before

You shall forever be excused.
The master of the house had guests;
 The feast was not prepared in vain;
He called and sent his servants out,
 He called and bade them go again,
And search the hedges and the roads
 And bring the poor, and blind, and lame,
It did not matter who they were
 It made no difference whence they came;
With trouble, labor, and expense,
 The feast had been prepared and spread;
And now it should not be for naught,—
 “I will have guests,” the master said.
“But those who were invited first,
 And who so foolishly refused,
Not one of them shall enter here,—
 They asked it and they are excused.”
Out in the outer darkness, there
 Shall weeping be, and fearful din,
While there is plenty and to spare,
 And peace and happiness within.
The Master of the heavenly house,
 The place where many mansions be,
Will have them filled with happy guests,
 And that through all eternity.
He spared no trouble nor expense,
 He did not even spare his Son,

And now he has his servants out
To give a bid to every one;
The richest monarch on his throne,
The poorest beggar we can see,
To each the message is the same,—
“Come all; the gospel feast is free.”
And those who ask to be excused,
From some caprice or idle whim,
Are spiting no one but themselves,
And need not think they injure him;
Although he’d rather see them saved,
And he has freely paid the cost,
And tells us it is not his will
That anybody should be lost,
Yet if they will remain without,
Amid the darkness and the din,
Others will gladly come and share
The happiness that reigns within.

AND THE BOOKS WERE OPENED.

REV. XX: 12.

Every thought that we have had,
Every speech we’ve ever worded,
Every deed that we have done,
Wise or foolish, good or bad,
All are written and recorded
In God’s day-book, one by one.

In the form of an account,
They are written,—God hath said it,—
Written down by his own hand;
Each a separate amount
To our debit or our credit,
Showing us just how we stand.

So 'twill be till life is past;
Then the account will be completed;
God will call to each one then,
Saying “The bill is due at last;
You must come at once and meet it,
For I will not call again.”

Then we'll gather round about
His great desk, no difference whether
We're prepared or unprepared;
And the books will be brought out,
Debts and credits put together,
And a balance be declared.

Then how happy we will be
If it be found in our favor,—
If we hear Christ's kind command,—
“Thou hast faithful been to me;
Thou shalt take thy place forever
With the blest at my right hand.”

But what if it be not so?

What if he shall say unto you
And to me upon that day,
“You have been found wanting, go
From my sight, I never knew you,”
Then what can we have to say?

For what else can we expect,

When our lives are spent in sinning,—
When our very thoughts are ill,—
When through deed or through neglect,
All along from the beginning,
We have crossed God’s holy will.

Only by the Savior’s blood

Being shed for its remission,
Can we ever hope to win
From a just and righteous God,
Pity for our lost condition,
And forgiveness for our sin.

Let us watch our lives with care,

Knowing that he ever sees us;
And if we sometimes do wrong,
Let us seek from him in prayer
Pardon through the blood of Jesus,
And his help to make us strong.

We have need to search each thought,
We have need to guard our speeches
And our actions with a will;
For, although we know it not,
There's an influence that reaches
Out from us for good or ill.

And the thoughts that we have had,
And the sayings we have worded,
And the deeds that we have done,
Wise or foolish, good or bad,
We shall find them all recorded
In God's day-book, every one.

A VISIT TO BUNKER HILL.

When I got home that night they said
They'd heard that Maggie Spier was dead,—
Had died that very day;
I knew it would be mother's will
To go right down to Bunker Hill,
And that without delay.
We'd been acquainted with the Spiers
For seventeen or eighteen years,
And all that time through thick and thin,
The very best of friends had been;
And so I knew that mother would

Go quickly, if she thought she could
Do Mrs. Spier a bit of good,
Though fifty miles away.
And sure, in such a time and place,
 A kind familiar voice to hear,
The sight of a familiar face,
 The knowledge that a friend is near,
Who comes to aid in time of grief,
Can hardly fail to give relief.

So we arranged it that she should
 Go on the morning train;
And though I could not do the good,
Nor near it that my mother could,
Yet I decided that I would
 Go with her, once again
To see the folks I used to see,
And places where I used to be,
 In times now long since past;
For day had followed after day,
Till many years had passed away
 Since I had seen them last.

We started in the morning then,
 About the break of day;
Went in to catch the early train,
 And swift were whirled away.

The morning breeze blew keen and cool,

Though bright the sun did shine,

When we got off at Bunker Hill,

A little after nine.

There had been very little change

In Bunker Hill that I could see;

There were some places that were strange,

Some buildings that were new to me,

Yet I believe I could have gone

To any place in town alone;

The streets seemed to be very short,

The places not so far apart,

The buildings that had looked so large

To me when I was small,

Seemed to have dwindled down until

They were no size at all;

And 'twas some time ere I could see

The change was not in them but me.

When we got off we went at once

To Dickie's and to Templeton's,

The orchards stand together yet,

In which we used to run,

Hunt four-leaved clovers, play "I spy,"

And have a lot of fun;

In fifty steps they can be crossed

Though in them I could once get lost.

The older folks I would have known,
The young ones, like myself, have grown;
Will Dickie has a jeweler's store,
Ed's almost grown and clerks for Will,
While Mary is a schoolma'am now,
And teaches Pleasant Hill.

I thought then if some little one
From Pleasant Hill or Audubon,
Had happened to look in and see
Us there just as we used to be,—
Mamie and Hughie, just as though
The time were fifteen years ago,—
It would have caused him some surprise,
And made him open up his eyes.
Old Templeton, who was when young,
An active man and very strong,
Sits by his fireside in his chair
And very seldom moves from there.
I wonder if the time to me,
Will ever come when I shall be
Chained to one place from day to day,
Not fit to move or get away;
I'll want his patience and his grit
If ever I go through with it;
For, cheerless as his lot does seem,
We hear of no complaint from him.
But then it does but little good

To grumble because things are thus;
'Tis best to take them as they come,
Remembering God takes care of us.
We stayed as long as we could stay,
And talked with them of other years,
Then started out to make our way
Around to Hughie Spier's.

Though never there before,
The place I could have found;
The crape upon the door,—
The solemn stillness round,—
All seemed to say as we drew near,
That Death had made a visit here;
Had entered an unbidden guest,
Without permission or request,
Stolen a priceless gem away,—
One they esteemed among the best
Of all the jewels they possessed,—
And left the household in dismay.
For oh! let Death come when ne may,
It makes no difference in what form ,
It matters little by what way,
He will be sure to cause alarm,
And enter as a visitor
That we have not made ready for.

At every step we made,

I felt the stillness more;
I was almost afraid
To knock upon the door;
And when I did Dave met me there,
With looks of grief and of despair,
He turned away, he shook his head,
And "Maggie's gone," was all he said.
Within that home once bright and glad,
Were tearful eyes and faces sad;
Betraying deep and heartfelt grief,
That oft in weeping found relief;
For she had filled with such a grace,
The daughter's and the sister's place,
Had been the parents' aid and pride,
The children's helper and their guide,
Her place could never be supplied.
Poor girl! Is there a reason why
The fairest flower must soonest die?

And she all cold and still,
Off in another room,
Lies shrouded, soon to fill
The coffin and the tomb.
Yet only two short weeks have gone
Since she was well as any one.
Oh! It does seem too sad and strange,
To think about the awful change!

So lately full of hope and life,
In a short time to be a wife,
And now, devoid of pulse or breath,
She's lying there, the bride of Death!
And he would have claimed her then,
So deep and strong his love had been,
The thought that she is gone for e'er,
Seems more almost than he can bear.
There are some wounds the heart must feel,
Which nothing else but time can heal.
The father stands amid the shock,
As if carved out of solid rock;
His inward thoughts he does not show,
What they are none but God can know.
The vine that bends so easily,
Springs back again when 'tis set free
And is as 'twas before; the oak,
That will not bend, is easier broke.

'Tis hard to be resigned
To losing such a one;
'Tis hard to bring the mind
To say "Thy will be done."

God sometimes when he deals with man,
Adopts a strange, mysterious plan;
He does not lead us all the time
Along the mountain top sublime,

But often causes us to go
Down in the valley, dark and low.
And yet he in his word does tell
Us that "He doeth all things well;"
That things work of their own accord,
For good to them that fear the Lord.
And he who notes the sparrow's fall,
 As small a thing as that does seem,
Will not neglect his children's call,
 If they but put their trust in Him.
Then they like one of old can say,
 In sorrow and in joy the same,
"The Lord hath given and taken away
 And blessed be his holy name."
Our finite wisdom is so poor,
 We can not know his purpose now,
So to his will we humbly bow;
But when we reach the other shore,
We'll understand why things were thus;
And know that God was guiding us.

For her all pain has ceased,
 She cannot feel it more;
Her spirit is released,
 Her suffering is o'er.
And those who in the last few days,
Have seen the anguish on her face,

The quivering lip, the fevered brow,
All say she is much better now.
'Tis very hard to have her go,
But God knew it was better so;
He called her from her pain to rest,
He called her home and God knows best.
I scarce knew how to give them aid,
So through the night with them I staid,
And then as soon as light was come,
Set out for my old prairie home.

Along the old familiar way,
That I had been so often on,
In days now long since past and gone,
I traveled in the morning gray.
There were some places that I passed,
Had changed since I had seen them last;
But many of them seemed to me,
Exactly as they used to be;
And every hollow, hill and ridge,
And every crook, and turn, and bridge,
Seemed just as natural as though
It had been just the day before,
Instead of fifteen years or more,
Since I along them used to go;
A little barefoot boy, but proud
At being trusted, and allowed

Some small commission to fulfil,
All by myself at Bunker Hill.

At last I got up to the top
Of a long hill, and there did stop;
For straight ahead the old house stood,
 Not half a mile away,
That was for us a home so good,
 For many a happy day;
And to the left upon a hill,
 A mile away or so,
The old school house was standing still,
 To which I used to go.
There were some little changes too,
The house was painted, barn was new,
But the same tall, straight maple trees,
Waved their bare branches in the breeze;
And over on the other side,
 Across the road the orchard stood,
Though some of the old trees had died,
 And fallen or been cut for wood
Awhile I stood the scene to view,
But standing there would never do;
At the old place I could not stay,
A stranger's living there to-day,
 Though things are much the same;
But just a little farther on,

Lives an old neighbor, "Uncle John,"
John Patrick is his name;
And I could stop with him I knew,
Though things had changed at his place, too;
His wife for years has now been dead,
Two of his daughters lately wed,
And all the boys are gone;
So of the family I knew,
Of eight, there now are left but two,
Lizzie and "Uncle John."

When Lizzie met me at the door,
In both there had been such a change,
We each to other were as strange
As though we'd never met before.
But we ere long got over that,
And soon were in a friendly chat
About the times gone by;
The girls and boys that used to fill
The little school at Pleasant Hill,
Among them, she and I.
Where were they now? Well, Lizzie said,
Some had got married, some were dead,
Some had gone east and some gone west,
Where'er they thought they could do best,
Some had done well and some had not;
I wonder if we ever thought,—

In those old times so long since gone,
When we so wished that we were grown,
So we could live with greater ease
And do almost as we should please,—
About our teacher's work and care,
Or what our parents had to bear,
Or what the future held for us,
Or ever dreamed of meeting thus!

I took another road when I
Went back to Bunker Hill again,
And passed the school-house where we used
To meet and study then.
In it there has been little change;
And this may make it seem less strange,
That looking in, I seemed to see
The forms of those who used to be
In the old seats along with me,
Who now are grown-up men.
Yes, there are Jack and George and Will,
And Ike and Jim—I see them still.
Jack is in Kansas now, and Jim
Is blacksmithing along with him;
Where George is now I do not know,
But to Dakota he did go;
And Ike went off to Iowa,
And there is doing well they say;

Will learned telegraphy at last,
And now is making money fast;
The rest are scattered near or far,
Doing men's work where'er they are.
Yet, though I know they're grown-up men,
I seem to see them here again,
A lot of hardy lively boys,
Filling the place with life and noise,
For any boy with the right stuff
In him, will sure make noise enough.

And I can see the girls as well,
Ann, Nettie, Lizzie, Sarah, Belle,—
And others, more than I can tell.
Of Ann for years I haven't heard,
And Lizzie told me not a word;
Nettie, who always seemed to me,
The brightest, happiest one to be,
Of all the girls I then did know,
Died in Saint Louis, years ago.
Lizzie I saw this morning, Belle
I saw last night; they both look well.
And Sarah, so the folks did say,
Is married now and lives away
Out in Missouri. But I see
Them all here yet, it seems to me,
Looking just as they used to be.

All sitting at their desks in school;
Working away with book and rule;
Knitting their brows o'er some hard sum,
Trying to make the answer come;
Or at the rows of words they look,
In Webster's blue-backed spelling-book;
Till recess came, best time of all,
And out they rush with whoop and call,
To play "I spy," or "Turn out Jack,"
Or "Hail ye over," "Hail and back,"
Or "Mumble-peg," or "Sock-about,"
All with halloo and whoop and shout.
But this won't do; those days are gone,
There's no one here; I must go on.
The crowd that got together then
Will never meet on earth again.
To-morrow, when the time does come,
The little ones from many a home,
Will gather here and will go through
Their work just as we used to do;
But were I here where I could see,
I know they'd all be strange to me,

The bell is tolling slow,
And under a strange teacher's rule,
Would study in the old brick school.

The church is filling fast

With friends, to show the last
Respect that they can show
The choir is at the back,
And, 'mong the singers there,
All draped in sombre black,
Is Maggie's empty chair.
A song is sung, a solemn one,—
Something like this the verses run:
"Thy will, thy will, O Lord, be done."
The preacher speaks, he speaks as one
From whom a trusted friend is gone.
He speaks about her character,
He bids us try to live like her;
He tells us there is but one thing
That from grim death can take the sting;
That there is one way by which we
May rob the grave of victory;
The young may die, the aged must,
And dust return to native dust,
The body molder to a clod,
The soul, released, must meet its God;
Each one must pass into the gloom,
And dark, dread silence of the tomb;
Yet for all that we need not care,
Our Savior has himself been there.
He burst the bands of death away,
And rose on the appointed day,

And went before us to prepare
A home for each one over there;
And he will surely come again,
And take us to be with him then.
We will not in the world above,
Be called to part from those we love;
For in that bright, eternal home,
Sickness and death can never come
All this and more the preacher said,
 In helpful, hopeful, earnest tones.
That quieted and comforted
 The sorrowing and the mourning ones;
And made it easier to say,
 In language used by God's own son,
In that dark garden, far away,
 “Father, thy will, not-mine, be done.”

The task is almost o'er,
 The work will soon be through,
There's very little more
 That man for her can do;
The coffin's at the grave,
 The men are standing 'round,
The ropes in hand they have,
 To lower it in the ground.
A few more words of earnest prayer,
 The preacher offers up to God,

That He will help the mourners bear
Their load of sorrow and of care,
And that all may at last prepare
To lie beneath the sod;
For that is sure to come to all,
Let whatsoever else befall.
But when those earnest words are said,
That prayer of faith and hope and trust,
They lower the coffin to its bed,—
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”—
Here we leave her for we must.

We stayed until the task was done;
Watched the old sexton round with care
That mound upon the hillside bare,
And then we left her lying there,
With head toward the setting sun.

Ah, well! 'twill not be very long
Before the crowd that's here to-day,
That now appears so well and strong,
Will have to go the self-same way;
'Twill be but a few years at best,
Before our work will all be done;
And friends of ours will gather round

And take us to the churchyard ground,
And leave us there, in dreamless rest,
With head toward the setting sun.

The sun is sinking fast,
The day is nearly gone;
The restless world, so vast,
Keeps moving, moving on.
The final rite is paid,
She in the dust is laid,
To God's great will we bow;
The last word has been said,
The living, not the dead,
Demand attention now.

To-morrow morn by nine a. m.,
The little folks will, one by one,
Have gathered in at Audubon,
And I will have to be with them;
And time will neither stop nor stay,
But will as soon and surely come,
As 'twould if I were now at home
Instead of fifty miles away;
So I must bid the folks farewell
Until we meet again;
And none but God alone can tell
Where that will be or when;
And on the fast express to-night,

Must leave them all behind;
But though they are left out of sight,
They'll not be out of mind;
For when I'm far away I will
Think many times of Bunker Hill.

KNOW ONE THING WELL.

Goliath had a giant's strength,
His armor was of monstrous weight,
His spear was of enormous length,
He was indeed both large and great.
David was scarce more than boy,
His weapon was a simple toy;
And yet the youngest won the fight,
From knowing how to strike just right.

He couldn't use his general's rig;
It was so clumsy and so big,
To him it wasn't worth a fig.
He knew just how to do one thing,
And that was use that little sling;
And in the fight it happened so
'Twas just the thing for him to know.

If he had studied history,
Or magic, art and mystery,

Political economy,
The science of astronomy,
And all such things had not known
Exactly how to throw that stone,—
The rest all put together would
Have done him not a bit of good.
The only thing that took him through
The work he undertook to do,
Was knowing what he needed to.

In New York City, people say,
That Mr. Vanderbilt does pay
Eight thousand dollars every year,
And doesn't seem to think it dear,
To get a certain person to
Cook; that is all he has to do.
At that he is perhaps the best
In all the country east or west.
He may know stocks and bonds by heart;
He may not know the two apart;
His master after that will look,
And all he has to do is cook.

Suppose he knew geography,
Telegraphy, photography,
A little of theology,
Had studied in psychology,

And could not cook up bread and meat
For Mr. Vanderbilt to eat,
He wouldn't get the work to do;
His cooking is what takes him through.
The reason he makes money so,
He knows just what he needs to know.

I know a farmer living near,
That is, not twenty miles from here,
Who cannot very well be beat
At raising cattle, corn, or wheat;
Of stock he always takes good care;
Keeps all his tools in good repair;
Plows his ground deep while sluggards sleep,
And so has corn to sell and keep.
He argues that the world is flat,—

Says he can prove by reasons sound,
That it is not and can't be round,—
But doesn't care a cent for that.
Let all such things be as they may,
He's making money anyway.

There are some things he needs to know,
About the kind of seed to sow,
The time to plant, the way to plow,
And when to tend his crops and how,—
The kind of stock 'tis best to raise,—

And knowing these his farming pays;
And he has acres of his own,
And cash to spend and cash to loan,
From knowing just what should be known.

A blacksmith lives not far away,
Who is kept busy every day;
Begins his work with morning light,
And keeps it up until 'tis night,
And scarcely can get time to eat;
He does his work so well and neat
That people say he can't be beat.
So day by day the whole year through,
They give him all that he can do.

He doesn't claim to know a clause
Of the long-winded tariff laws;
Nor does he know how land's surveyed,
Nor how gum boots and clothes are made,
For that is no part of his trade;
He'd know it all by heart I guess,
If it were in his business.
He does know just exactly how
To sharpen or to point a plow,
To set a tire, a horse to shoe,
To mend a tool or make one new,
Or anything he needs to do;
And so he makes his business pay,—

Has money loaned and laid away,
And has a home that's very good,
By knowing just the things he should.

The moral then is very clear,—
We can't learn everything while here;
We haven't long enough to stay;
Though we should toil both night and day,
Till all our life has passed away,
We'll have to say when we get through,
That there are things we never knew;
For we'll find out at every turn,
There's something new for us to learn.

The best thing then for us to do,
Is find out what we're suited to,
And study that clear through and through;
Keep at it steadily till we
Know all about it thoroughly.
Most of the people who have made
Life a success, had but one trade,
Learned all in it there was to know,
And simply let the others go;
And in the end won wealth and fame,
And left behind an honored name,
And all of this because they knew
The very things they needed to.

But native talents will not do,
We must improve and use them too;
Though Nature may provide good soil
 And plenty both of rain and sun,
Unless you tend your corn, the crop
 Will be a light and weedy one.
And 'tis the very same with man,
Nature may help him all she can,
With strength of mind and strength of frame,
As much as he could wish to claim;
Yet with these talents all untrained,
'Twill be but very little gained.

If that had been the only stone
The shepherd boy had ever thrown,
There are nine chances out of ten,
The fight had ended different then.
But he had practiced till he knew
Just how to send it straight and true;
Had practiced until he became
Unmatched for skillfulness of aim.
So we must seek improvement too,
In all we undertake to do;
Improve our talents and our skill,
Keep right on working with a will.
Else we can never win success
In any line of business.

A SOLILOQUY.

'Tis now two days since I've seen Jim;
I will go down and look for him;
He's in the pasture, I suppose,
He may be lying dead, who knows?
For lately he's been failing fast;
His time is very nearly past,
He hasn't many days to last.
Life is no pleasure now to him,
If he is gone, 'tis best for Jim.
We have more horses than we need,
We can't afford to spare the feed,
And so I don't believe I'll care
If I do find him lying there.
I'll go down anyway and see;
I'll take the ax along with me,
And if he's down and isn't dead,
I will just knock him in the head.

'Twill be an awful pity
 To kill the fellow, too;
He always was so steady,
 So willing and so true;
No matter what was wanted,
 Or how severe the test,
We always found him ready
 To do his very best.

Once I lay sick with fever,
And not a horse was shod;
'Twas eight miles to the doctor,—
A very hilly road,—
And all with ice was covered;
Pa scarce knew what to do,
But said he'd "try 't wi' Jimmie,"
And Jimmie took him through.

And when I had got better,
I thought I'd like to go
A little way on horseback,
Just for the ride, you know.
And father saddled Jimmie,
He was so full of play,
That once or twice he started,
And nearly ran away.

I well enough remember
When George and I were small,
And Mother used to send us
At dinner time, to call
Father to come to dinner,
We thought that it was fun,
He'd put us both on Jimmie,
And lead the other one.

And when I had got older,
I well remember how
I thought if he would let me,
That I the corn could plow.
And when he said, "take Jimmie
And do the best you can,
And I'll go out to harvest,"
I thought I was a man.

'Twas Jim that did the plowing,
Although I thought 'twas me,—
I very often see him
Here by this walnut tree;
He isn't here this morning,
And so I must go on;
Although I can't but wonder
Where the old chap has gone.

Let's see,—yes, father got him
In '69, that's so;
And now its 1890,—
Goodness! how time does go!
He was just five years old then,
And was all straight and sound,
Without a blemish on him,
And fat, and sleek, and round.

And he was kind and quiet,
Even when he was young;
The other one was fretful,
And not so tough nor strong;
And Pa worked Jimmie steady,
“Because he went the best,”
Day in, day out, all weather,
With scarce a bit of rest.

But little minded Jimmie,
The work or heat or cold;
For he was tough and hardy;
And even when he got old,
He seemed but little altered,—
Kept going right straight on,
As ready and as willing,
Whenever called upon.

But now he's very feeble,
His time for work has gone;
His strength and grit have left him,
Poor Jim will soon be done.
His step is slow and halting,
That once was firm and free,
His ribs show plainly,—Douce it,
Where can the fellow be?

I don't want now to kill him,
If on him I should come;
But I would like to find him,
So I can take him home;
And then we'll tend him better
Than in the time gone past;
Feed's scarcee, but—what's that yonder?
It's Jimmie,—dead at last.

He's tried to cross the hollow,
Made slippery by the rain;
And fallen down and hadn't
The strength to rise again,—
Had scarcely strength to struggle,
And could do naught but lie,—
The only way to end it,
For Jimmie was—to die.

I wonder if he thought that
For him we didn't care?
And if he blamed us for it,
While lying, dying there?
Confound it, I can't stand it,
I'll have to get away;
I didn't think I'd care so,
When I came out to-day.

Some horses up in heaven,
Were seen by old St. John;
If there is one deserves it,
Old Jimmie is the one.
I know if I should get there,
And can look round and see
Him there, 'twill make the place seem
Much more like home to me.

But this is nonsense. Let him go.
I might as well just take it cool;
No use to cry nor act a fool;
It does seem rather sudden though;
He was up home two days ago,
And from his looks, the little beast
Has now been dead one day at least.
And yet 'tis nothing less nor more
Than what I have been looking for;
For lately he would go away,
And stay down here day after day,
Until some of the folks would come,
To hunt him up and drive him home,
And keep him there awhile, and then
Off he would put down here again;
And I've come down more times than one,
Thinking I would find him gone,
And that 'twould be all right, and yet

Now that 'tis done, I'm all upset.
Well, life at best is but a day;
The weaker give the sooner way;
The strong may live from year to year,
As did poor little Jimmie here,
But soon or late 'twill all be past,—
The same thing ends it,—Dead at last."

AT CHARLIE WELLS', DECEMBER 31, 1889.

The old year Eighteen eighty-nine,
That was a friend of yours and mine,
Has almost gone from us at last,
Its months and days and weeks are past,
It's hours and minutes going fast.
The midnight hour is almost here,
And then we'll have another year;
We'll take the pencil or the pen
And write it "Eighteen, ninety" then.
But that don't trouble me a bit,—
New Year has often come before,
I know of twenty times or more,
And have got rather used to it.
But there's one thing that troubles me,—
I happen on this night to be
Here at a party, as you see;
'Tis several miles to mother's house,

And raining like the very douce;
The rain is anything but warm,
And I've two colts out in the storm.
If I were only safe at home,
This is one time I would not come;
But worrying will not help it, so
I guess that I had better go
And help to "chase the buffalo," etc.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Our time does does quickly pass away,
For life is nothing but a day;
To some a short and stormy one,
To others longer, full of sun;
With some the early morning hours
Are dark and gloomy, filled with showers,
And afterward the day is bright;
With some the morning hours are light,
The gloomy ones come later on,
At some time ere the day is gone.
For some 'tis gloomy all the day,
No gleam of sun to light the way.
For most it is a mixed affair,
With dark and clouded hours of care,
And bright and happy ones that come
Like sunshine, scattering the gloom;
Then showers of grief come thick and fast,

But as a rule they do not last
Long at a time, then pass away.
Yes, life is nothing but a day,
A day that soon is past and gone,—
And death is darkness coming on.

Sometimes the night comes quickly on,—
The sun has scarce gone out of sight
When all is dark as deepest night,
Sometimes there is a long twilight
After the sun is gone;
Of all the hours of day the best,
The happiest, and the easiest.
Sometimes the sun sets bright and clear,
Sometimes in clouds does disappear;
But soon or late, or dark or bright,
The day shall surely end in night;
The sun at last must sink to rest,
The light must slowly fade away,
Till the last glimmer in the west
Dies out, and so does end the day.

And it is so in life, the strong
Are sometimes quickly seized upon,
The sentence passes, “Can’t last long,”
And very soon that one is gone.
But not so always, there are some

To whom the twilight time does come;
After the sun of strength has set,
 And days of usefulness are gone,
And shades of death are gathering, yet
 The aged person lingers on,—
Knowing his work on earth is done,—
 All ready to be ferried o'er
 The mystic stream to yonder shore,—
Waiting but to be called upon;
Of all the years of life the best,
The happiest and the easiest.
With some life's day ends clear and bright,—
Kind friends around the bedside stand,
Ready to take the sufferer's hand,
Willing to make Death's hour seem light
With words of kindness, deeds of love,
Their sorrow and their grief to prove.
Sometimes all differently it sends;
Out of the reach of home and friends,
No hand to help, no voice to cheer,
Life's day in death does disappear.
But soon or late or dark or bright,
The day at last must end in night;
The light of life must fade away,
For life is nothing but a day,—
A day that soon is past and gone,
And death is darkness coming on.

And when the night has come at last,
And the last ray of fading light
Ends in the darkness of the night,
And long or short, cloudy or bright,
 The day fore'er is past,—
We may sometimes look backward then,
 Over the work we have done,
And think if it could come again,
 We'd make that day a better one;
But all regrets are useless then,
The day cannot return again;
The clouds or sun it may have had,
The weather, whether good or bad,
The deeds we did or didn't do,
The words we spoke if false or true,
Our inward thoughts and feelings too,
Are all on record now and classed
Among the things of time gone past;
The darkness now has gathered on;
Our work is done; the day is gone.

'Tis so in life, we often hear
Men saying as the end draws near,
That if they could begin again
 And live their lifetime over, they
Would be far better, braver men,
 And end it in a different way.

They would improve the time of youth
In search for knowledge and for truth;
Their manhood days they would improve,
In deeds of kindness and of love;
And they would use both mind and might
In doing battle for the right,
In doing everything they could
To further what is just and good;
The money, strength and time, which they
Were wont in youth to throw away,
Would now be treasured up with care,
For age and sickness to prepare.

But these regrets are useless all,—
The time is gone beyond recall;
The opportunities they had,
The use made of them, good or bad,
The chances they improved or lost,
The things they did or left undone,
All, all of these are past, and gone
Beyond recall at any cost.
Time never stops nor yet goes back
A moment on the backward track;
For all along since it begun,
The moments have been managed thus,
The present is the only one
That's ever given out to us;

And it does quickly pass away,
For life is nothing but a day,
A day that soon is past and gone,
And death is darkness coming on.

'Twere best then that we work with care,
And through life's day for death prepare;
There is no time for mending then,
Nor looking over it again;
Whether that time comes soon or late,
'Tis all done then at any rate;
And there are none of us who know
How soon our part will have to go.
But that is none of our affair;
The world is in Jehovah's care,
It is his hand that guides us here,
And we've no call to interfere;
Our part is but to do our best
 The work that He to us does send,
And then to trust him for the rest,
 And all must be right in the end.
Then let us try with all our might,
 If long or short the time be now,
To always live as nearly right
 As God and conscience show us how;
That men may say, when we're at rest,
 "He always did his very best."

ROTTEN AT THE CORE.

Do you see that apple?

Large and smooth and round,
Pretty as a picture,

Nice as could be found;
Yet that apple's worthless,
Nothing less nor more;
What's the matter with it?

Rotten at the core.

Other things than apples,

With a fault to hide,
Cover up the blemish,
Put the best outside;
Seem all right at first, but

When we know them more,
They are like the apple,
Rotten at the core.

"Here's a noble horse, sir,
And he must be sold;
Sound as you can wish for,
Only eight years old."

But when you have bought him
All his feet get sore,
Or he's cross and balky,—
Rotten at the core.

Here's a nice young fellow,
Full of business, too;
Seems to be quite honest,
And all straight and true;
Wants a little money
For a month or so,
Just till he gets started
In his work, you know.

But his work gets heavy,
So at last he takes
A few weeks' vacation
Up among the lakes;
Then decides to locate
On their northern shore;
And we know at last he's
Rotten at the core.

Hear the politician;
He'll do all that's fair;
Just give him the office
And he'll run things square;
Doesn't really want it,
But 'tis the request
Of the dear, good people,
And he'll do his best.

So they give it to him,
For they can depend
On what has been promised
By their honest (?) friend.
He becomes the subject,
In a few weeks more,
Of a "boodler" trial,—
Rotten at the core.

Thus we sometimes find them,
As through life we go;
Men who like the apple
Are just built for show.
Men who on the outside,
Are all fair and clean,
But it only covers
Rottenness within.

Still there are not many
Who are thus unsound;
Even among apples
Such are seldom found;
Men are mostly honest,
Take them as they go,—
And despise a person
Who is built for show.

We should try then always,
To be what we seem;
For God's eye is on us
And we can't fool him.
We may fool men sometimes,
That's been done before;
Man looks at the outside,—
God can see the core.

AN OLD SAYING.

“The burned child dreads the fire,”
And well indeed he may;
But has to try it once before
He learns to stay away.
He cannot take advice
From persons wiser grown;
But takes this way of gaining some
Experience of his own.

And older people, too,
Take the same way to learn
That there are fires of many kinds,
Around them that will burn.
They may be often warned,
By those who have been caught,
But have to try it for themselves
Before they will be taught.

Some people think that they
 Let it be cold or warn,
Can work all day and half the night,
 And never suffer harm;
Others have come to grief
 By just such work, but they
Think they can go ahead somehow,
 And not break down that way.

They try it anyhow;
 At first they can't complain,
But nature finally gives way
 Under the heavy strain;
And so they pay the price
 Of health and vigor lost,
To find out what they might have learned
 Without such fearful cost.

Some think it does no harm,
 At games of chance to play,
Or make a bet once in a while,
 Just in a social way.
Though others have been lost
 By just such acts as these,
Yet they have stronger self-control,
 And can do as they please.

And so they go ahead;

But when they have begun,
They find that stopping is a thing
 Not very eas'ly done.
And bad leads on to worse,
 Till everything is lost;
And prison cell or pauper's grave,
 Shows they have paid the cost.

A drinking habit formed,
 Before it gets firm hold,
Can readily be shaken off;
 But, if left uncontrolled
It soon becomes a fire
 That naught can stop nor turn,—
That canot be put out till there
 Is nothing left to burn.

And men are often warned,
 'Tis dangerous to begin;
But some must try it for themselves,
 And so they plunge right in;
And when it is too late,
 They see that they are lost;
They know about the danger then,
 But see what it has cost!

Experience teaches fools,—
 A saying old and true;

And makes them pay her in advance
For their tuition too;
She charges highest rates,
Yet always has full schools;
Unless she teaches wiser men,
Sure there are many fools.

“They mocked Him and abused Him in every way even
on His way to the cross where they crucified Him, and
IT WAS ALL DONE FOR RELIGION.”

—Extract from a Sermon.

Yes, it was for religion,
Though not just as they thought;
And they were working out God’s will,
Although they knew it not.
That frenzied, maddened rabble,
That for His death did cry,—
That followed Him to Pilate’s hall,
Determined He should die,—
Those witnesses against Him,
Whom the priests found that day,
And put upon the witness-stand
To swear his life away,—
And poor, time-serving Pilate,
Who did at first refuse,
But finally gave in because

He wished to please the Jews,—
Thinking 'twas little matter,
 One man's life more or less,
If it would help him get the place
 He wanted to possess,—
And those old Jewish rulers
 Who shouted "Crucify,"
"We'll bear His blood upon our heads
 If you but let him die,"—
All these worked for religion,
 Though they were all so blind,
They did not dream that He should be
 The Savior of mankind.

Yes, it was for religion,
 They had His back made bare,
And Pilate took the Roman scourge
 And scourged the Savior there.
They dressed Him up in purple,
 In mockery and fun,
And with a bunch of plaited thorns,
 They crowned Jehovah's Son;
Then put the cross upon Him,
 Weak though He was and sore,
And made Him carry it till He
 Could carry it no more;
And then they found another,
 To bear it in His stead,

Up to the hill where he must hang
Upon it until dead;
And all was for religion,
There in that early morn;
Because that was the very thing
For which the Christ was born.

Yes, it was for religion,
The nails went crashing through
The tender flesh, the solid bone,
The nerves and sinews, too;
And then the cross was lifted,
And set upright, and He
Was left to suffer as He might
Till death should set Him free.
Gone then were His disciples,—
“Each man unto his own,”
And they had left the Master there
To suffer all alone.

And then the people mocked Him,
And said “Now we’ll find out,”
“If he’s God’s Son He will come down
From there without a doubt;”
“This man who claimed to waken
The dead when in their grave,—
Ha! ha! I guess we’ve got him now,—
Himself He cannot save.”
And they who spoke this saying,

Were wiser than they knew,—
The Savior could not save Himself,
And what they said was true;
For Christ had come to save us,
Though at a fearful cost,
And if He had descended then,
We would have all been lost,
And it was for religion,
Upon that fearful day,
He who was Lord and King of death,
Gave His own life away.

Yes, it was for religion,
They sat and watched Him there;
Sure never men had such a charge
Entrusted to their care.
They parted there His garments
And gambled for His coat,
Not dreaming that they thus fulfilled
The words the Prophet wrote.
The Father, too, forsook Him,
And hid His face away;
If He had not, the Son would still
Be hanging there to-day;
God-nature cannot perish,
And that's the reason why
The Father had to leave the Son
In agony to die;

And then He said " 'Tis finished,"
 And yielded up the ghost,
And thus he saved from death a world,
 That was condemned and lost.

Yes, it was for religion,
 The souls of men to save,
That Christ was buried and the stone
 Was placed upon his grave;
But grave nor stone could hold him,
 He burst its bands away,
And rose, as he had said he would,
 On the appointed day;
And gathered his disciples,
 And gave them this command:
That they should go and preach his word
 Of truth in every land;
And he'd be with them always,
 To help and to defend,
In all the trials they might meet,
 "Even unto the end."
And then he went to heaven,
 With God to intercede;
And now, before the Father's throne,
 He stands, our cause to plead;
And all was for religion,—
 Our souls he would redeem,—
May we be found on the Lord's side,
 And saved at last through Him.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

'Tis the little rills
That make up the river;
They that are its source;
Bringing to it ever,
Water from the hills.

And the river grows
Broader, deeper, stronger,
All along its course,—
Larger still and longer,—
As it onward goes.

Miles and miles are passed
With unceasing motion
And increasing force,
Till it meets the ocean,
And is lost at last.

And a life 'tis so;
Every little minute,
Fleeting quickly past,
And the deed done in it,
Tells for weal or woe.

Each one is a part,
And they altogether,

Form life's stream so vast;
Whether good or whether
Evil from the start.

And the stream flows by,
Till with all its motion,
It is lost at last,
In the mighty ocean
Of Eternity.

AN ACCIDENT.

How can a man go to the polls and cast his vote for rum
And then go home when he has done and pray "Thy
kingdom come?"

How can he vote to license men the cursed stuff to sell,
That drags them to a drunkard's grave and to a drunk-
ard's hell,

And then go home, get on his knees, and his petitions
make,

And ask the Lord to hear and answer them "For Jesus'
sake?"

The town was filled with people, 'twas a very busy day,
To do their trading they had come from miles and miles
away;

But now the day was almost gone, they saw the time had
come,

To get their goods, untie their teams, and make a start
for home;

But there were some among the crowd who lived so far
away,

They didn't have a chance to get together every day,
And so they said, "No hurry yet; we'll all go pretty
soon,

But first we'll go and get a drink at Dick McLean's
saloon,"

"For at the last election that was held here in the town,
By twenty-five majority they voted license down;
And so there will be no saloons or dram-shops open here,
All such as that will be closed up throughout another
year;

His last year's license still holds good, and he will carry
on

His business for a few days more until that time is gone,
Then the Board will not renew it, so he'll have to close
up soon;

Let us go and have another drink at Dick McLean's
saloon."

So 'twas one drink and another till the stuff got to the
head;

Brains were fired and tongues were loosened and last
too much was said,

And soon somebody got "insulted," and began to storm
and rave,

And was met by some one else who felt as boastful and
as "brave,"

For let men get fired with liquor, and let them once
commence,

And they act as if they didn't have a little bit of sense.

But at last some of them got their team and started out
for home,

And left the rest to come at any time they wished to
come;

And the other men decided that they would soon start
out,

And by driving fast would catch the foremost crowd
without a doubt;

And when they did overtake them, it would make no
difference where,

Their quarrel would be settled, and be settled then and
there;

O, yes! they'd teach those fellows a few things now
pretty soon,

But first they'd have another drink at Dick McLean's
saloon.

So they at last got started and toward their home did go;
The road runs by the railway for about a mile or so,

Then comes the railroad crossing, and the road turns to
the west;
And the men soon got there, for they made the horses
go their best;
When, a little bit behind time, rushing on with all its
power,
Came the fast express train, going fully sixty miles an
hour.

The whistle shrieked, the bell was rung, but it was all in
vain,
The men were far too drunk to hear or heed the light-
ning train,
But turned into the crossing, driving on with might and
main;
Cr-rash! and that was all of it,—the team unhurt and
free,—
The wagon smashed to kindling-wood,—the men,—ah!
sad to see,—
Without one moment's warning, hurled into eternity!
The trainmen picked the bodies up, the train backed up
again,
And carried them to the depot and left them there, and
then
Set off at full speed down the track,—'twas all that they
could do,
They had their run to make and they were going to
make it, too.

Of course they had to send and get the coroner to hold
An inquest on the bodies, and when everything was told,
He decided 'twas an "accident" that did the men befall,
And that the railroad men were not to blame for it at
all;

And neither were they, they had given all the signals
due,
They knew what was required of them and did their
duty too;

The real cause of the whole affair, there isn't any doubt,
Was the stuff they got at Dick McLean's before they
started out.

There never was a person yet so humble or so low,
That some one didn't love him, and love him well, I
know;

And I know when some good neighbor took those two
men's bodies home,
That hearts were filled with sorrow and with grief to
see them come;

And a man insults his Maker, when he sets men up to
sell

The stuff that drags them down and down to death and
into hell,

And then goes home and on his knees does his petitions
make,

Expecting God to hear and answer them, "For Jesus'
sake."

AT M——'S, 1891.

(OUT OF DOORS.)

Use both teams it seems we can't
For the corn is to replant;
All the work that I can find
Is away, away behind.
How to catch up I can't plan,
But we'll do the best we can;
I am willing, sure, to do
All I can to help them through.

Stock to water and to feed;
Lots of corn and it does need
Lots of work, and what is more,
Ne'er was on the place before;
Everything is strange and new,
But there is enough to do,
Get a team and go right on,—
“Up, here, Susie!” “Go it, John!”

(INSIDE.)

Lying in the curtained room,
Waiting till the call shall come;
Growing weaker every day,

As his strength keeps giving way.
Doc. does all that's in his power,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Fighting Death, but all in vain;
He can never rise again.

Father, through the open door,
Was carried just the week before,
And can enter nevermore;
And the boy has't in his mind,
He will not be long behind.
People coming in each day,
Offer help in any way;
Doing all they can to prove
Their deep sympathy and love.

Mother asks of different ones,
“Is he stronger?” “Do you know?”
Answer comes in pitying tones,
“Lady, he is very low.”
So the hours drag slowly by,
While the poor, doomed boy does lie
In the darkened, curtained room,
Waiting for the call to come.

(THE END.)

He has bidden them good by,
Told them he is going home,

Asked of them to meet him there,
When the Master bids them come;
But his speech is growing thick,
Death-sweat gathers on his brow,—
Breath is short and clogged and quick,—
It will soon be over now.

Look! The nurse is coming down,
Says that I must go to town,—
“Get a stretcher and some men,
You’ll find some one there no doubt,
Who will come back with you then,
And help to lay the body out.”

Meet the doctor by the way,—
Halt and tell him, “Doc, ’tis done.”
“What! Dead?” “Yes.” “What time?” “Can’t say,
But ’twas just at set of sun.”
Yes; it was all settled then;
Hopes of wealth or of renown,
Or work among his fellow-men,
Ended as the sun went down.

O, well, ’tis the same with all;
A few years we may hang on.
Ere we hear the final call,—
That will end it. “Go it, John!”
Let me live so that for me,
It may be a going home;
And that I can ready be,
Any time the call may come.

A LETTER.

NOKOMIS, ILL., Dec. 10, 1891.

DEAR FRIEND:

When I got home last Friday eve,
I was surprised, you may believe,
 To hear my mother say,
That they had got a letter, one
That was post-marked at Bloomington,
 For me the other day.
I could not think of any one
 Who lived there that I knew;
So opened it and when 'twas done,
 Found out it was from you.

And I was glad to get it, Will,
For though 'tis years ago, I still
 Think many times of you;
And of the pleasant times that I
Spent with you in the days gone by,—
 Most certainly I do;
And of the others, Pres and Em,
And Tom, and all the rest of them,
 Who got together then,
Who now are scattered here and there,
In all directions, everywhere,
Throughout the country, and who ne'er
 Shall meet on earth again.

Lottie and Carrie, Frank and Jim,
And Henry,—what's become of him?
And Jute,—O, Will! I wonder why
She was the first of all to die!

When we were going there to school,
Though 'twas, of course, against the rule,
I asked her once if she,
Sometimes when File was not about,
Would write "The Gypsy's Warning" out,
And give the song to me;
She did, and though eleven years
Since then have passed away,
To see that song will make the tears
Come to my eyes to-day;
Though I'm not much used to crying,
And it don't look very brave,
When I read it, "Now she's lying
In the cold and silent grave,"—
And think about that one word "she,"
It nearly gets the best of me.

It seems to me that God might spare,—
But stop,—that isn't my affair,
Jehovah has the world in care,
And he will take us through;
And though we fail, by flesh and sense,
To understand his providence,

We know, in his omnipotence,
That he is able to.

But I am wandering; as I say,
I haven't near forgot you yet,
And so was very glad to get
Your letter, Will, that day.

And as I'm sitting here to-night,
With little else to do,
I'll take my pen and try to write
An answer now to you;
And I believe I'll try this time,
To write the letter all in rhyme.
I'm very glad to hear, indeed,
Of your intended move;
I fondly hope you may succeed,
And that your work may prove
To be a means of leading men
To seek their soul's salvation then,
And may you ever aim
To hide yourself behind the Cross,
Counting all gain and fame as dross,
While working in the Master's cause,
And in the Master's name.

You must be very busy, too,
With all the work you say that you
Have undertaken to go through,

This winter term of school.
But pitch right in and do not shirk,
'Twill help you in your future work;
'Twill strengthen and expand your mind,
And you don't want to be behind,

I know that's not your rule;
But, though to have a well-stored mind
Is something grand indeed,
For pulpit-work, my boy, you'll find
It is not all you need .

'Tis not the languages you speak;
'Tis not the Latin or the Greek,
You have at your control;
Your very heart with love must glow,
To God above and man below,

If you would win the soul.
I never read that James or John
Or Peter spoke more tongues than one.

Until the time had come,
For the conversion of the host,
Upon the day of Pentecost,
And then it was the Holy Ghost

That sent the message home.
And so, if it be your desire,
That mission to fulfil,
Pray God to be baptized with fire
And with the Spirit, Will;

And then use every other means
That He has given you,
That you throughout life's changing scenes,
The greatest good may do.

Don't take this for a sermon, Will,
That I am giving you;
For preaching I have not the skill,
And if I had it, I would still
 Have something else to do;
Grace, grit, and greenbacks, people tell,
Are what we need while here we dwell,
And, though we have the grit and grace,
They will not take the greenbacks' place;
At least that's been the way with me,
And so I have to work, you see,
To make up that deficiency.

You ask what I am doing, Will;
Well, I'm just living, single still,
 Down here in Audubon;
Working away with book and rule,
Teaching a winter term of school,
 In District Number One.
I'm studying general history,
And German and geometry,
 So I am busy, too;

I know 'tis not a very high
Position that I occupy,
But 'tis, perhaps, the work that I
Am fitted best to do.

I used to dream of wealth and fame,
I used to think I'd make a name
That men would love to tell;
But God knows best; I guess if he
Has any special work for me,
He's holding off a bit, to see
If I can do it well.

I am well now and hope that you,
When you get this, will be well too;
And when you write to Irving, send
My best regards to every one;
And don't forget to write, Dear Friend,
An answer soon, like I have done.
And now I'll stop with what I've said,
Bid you good-night, and go to bed.

HUGH ARCHIBALD.

LUKE XII: 16-20.

The rich man has been looking round,
And has returned quite vexed;

His crops will be so large, he's found,
That now he is perplexed
Because he hasn't barns enough
To hold his grain and other stuff;
So what shall he do next?
How shall he manage to find room
For all the crop that is to come?

Awhile he thinks the question o'er,
Then to himself does say:
"Since now my barns will hold no more,
I'll tear them all away
Clear down to the foundation-stones,
And in their stead build bigger ones,
And bid my soul be gay;
And live in pleasure, free from fears,
For I have goods for many years."

He goes out on the cool house-top,
And there in the twilight,
Sits studying about his crop,
While fancy pictures bright
The coming days and months and years;
When suddenly a voice he hears,
Saying "Thou fool! This night
Thy soul shall be required of thee;"
"Then whose shall all of these things be?"

The rich man's heart stands still with dread,
When he the voice does hear;
He knows his final doom is said,
He knows the end is near.
Those things which a short time ago,
Had worried and perplexed him so,—
How small they now appear!
How gladly would he give the whole
For a brief time to save his soul!

But time goes on at the same rate;
Not since the world begun,
Has it been ever known to wait
To favor any one.
We know not what his last words were,
Perhaps a curse, perhaps a prayer,
But soon it all was done;
The words, whate'er they were, were said, —
There was a struggle,—he was dead.

“Where is our lord?” the servants cried,
Becoming ill at ease;
“Let's seek him where he went outside
To get the evening breeze.”
And as they search for him with care,
They find him lying helpless there,
Struck down by “heart disease.”

And all was in an uproar then,
That scarce could be controlled again.

His funeral, perhaps, was grand,
The Master does not say;
Perhaps they mourned throughout the land,
That he was called away;
And very likely people said
About him, after he was dead:
“Too bad, he couldn’t stay;
He had become so rich, you see;
Now whose shall all of these things be?”

About our wealth while here on earth,
Christ has no words to spare;
For how much any one is worth,
The Master does not care,
If counted up in notes and gold,
The way men’s wealth on earth is told,—
He counts our treasures there.
The interests that we have above
Are all we’ll have when death shall come,
May they be such that He in love,
Can bid us welcome to our home.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY (WITH ADDITIONS).

"The world unto an end shall come,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

A railway station's busy scene,—
A crowd of people gathered in,
Some to meet friends and some to say
Good-bye to friends who go away,—
When all at once a pistol-shot
Rings out, and there upon the spot,
Where late he stood, all safe and sound,
A fallen, helpless man is found;
Tenderly is he borne away,
Tenderly cared for day by day,
But, spite of all their love and skill,
He weaker grows and weaker still,
Until eleven weeks are past,
When James A. Garfield breathed his last.
There's no use any more to tell;
You all do know the story well;
The end of earth for him did come
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

"The world shall end,—you'll find it true,—
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-two."

There is a sorrow in the land,
A sorrow that is shared by all;
A man whose life was good and grand,
Has heard and answered God's last call.
He who at midnight on the bridge,
Stood listening to the water's roar,
In sorrow that he scarce could bear,
Will stand and listen there no more ;
And she who from him then was torn,
In such a sad and cruel way,
Has met him where the night of death
Gives place to Heaven's brighter day.
His "Psalm of Life" will still be sung
In many a land by many a tongue;
His "Builders" will set many a one
To building character with care;
Since 'twill be seen, when it is done,
By One whose eye sees everywhere;
And his "Excelsior" still will cheer
Full many a heart for many a year;
But for himself the end came true,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-two.

"We'll see the end, if we're alive,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-five."

Orders from Heaven have come,
And there's but one reply,—

"Get ready to go home!"
"Thou shalt not live, but die!"
And he to whom they come,
Must answer them: "Ay! Ay!"

This time they've come to one
Who used to give commands,
And have his bidding done;
And well he understands
He must obey this One,
Whatever His demands .

'Tis an imperious call
From one who is the head;
'Tis unconditional,
And will not be gainsaid;
He answers to the call,
'And General Grant is dead.

We saw the end who were alive,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-five.

"The world shall end,—the time we'll fix,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-six."

A man whose name is often heard,—
Is now almost a household word,—

Whose work will tell, for years to come,
Against the influence of rum,—
Who has for years been in the fight
Against the evil—for the right;—
Who can himself a story show,
Of rescue from a life of woe;
And whose chief purpose since has been
The freeing of his fellow-men
From the same bondage from which he,
Through God's own help had been set free,—
Is lying now—his last words said,—
Soon to be numbered with the dead;
Ah! those last words! how much they mean
To young men: “Keep your record clean!”
Soon it is ended,—all is done,—
And John B. Gough from earth has gone;
For God the end for him did fix
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-six.

The world shall end, as sure as fate,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

A warrior-king is lying low;
The time has come for him to go;
His last strong enemy has come,
And has attacked him in his home.
His last campaign on earth is done,

His last fierce battle fought and won.
For ninety years he's battled on,—
For ninety years his best has done,—
And ninety years is long we say,
But even that time will pass away.
Could he be spared a few years more,
Till Europe's troubled time is o'er!
But that can't be; the time has come;
His great Commander calls him home;
His strength is failing, failing fast;
A few more struggles, then the last;
And Emperor William's with the dead;
For him at least it may be said,
The world did end, as sure as fate,
In Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

“The world unto an end shall come.”
Yes, every minute there are some
Who hear God's message to come home;
And when they hear him call their name
It is the end of earth to them.
And ever since the world begun
It has been ending for some one.
And we can only wait till we
Are called, and then the end will be
For us; and we must follow on
The way our fellow-men have gone,—
With things of earth forever done.

"The world unto an end shall come."

'Twas not intended for our home.

Here we are but a transient race,

Without a sure abiding-place,

With no continuing city here,

Looking for one that shall appear,

And we can never hope to see,

Till this world to an end shall come,

The house where many mansions be,

In which we hope to make our home.

Then let it come if soon or late,

And let this thought our hopes arouse,

That we'll be called, though long we wait,

At last, home to our Father's House.

THE RUM POWER'S CHALLENGE.

To the temperance folk just say

That this is a challenge to them, as you see,

No difference who or where they may be,

Or how they may shout, or how they may "spout,"

Or talk about crushing the Rum Power out,—

THE RUM POWER'S HERE TO STAY!

There are plenty of men who are slaves to the stuff,

We've money and we've support enough;

Little care we for wrong or right,

We have the might, we're in the fight,

And here we expect to be, in spite
Of you all, for many a day.

What is there for us to fear?
We've nothing to dread from the laws of the land;
Of the men who make them, you understand,
We have for years had the upper hand.
Your pledges, your badges, blue ribbons, and such,
Have never amounted to very much,

Though you've tried them many a year;
Your religious revivals, your hymns, and your prayers,
Have cost us some custom, but then, who cares?
We do not propose to raise any fuss
As long as there's plenty left for us.
Your God, with all his extraordinary powers,
Don't seem to help you much; Money is ours,
And Money is master here.

We intend to go right on;
'Tis nothing to us that day by day,
Men who are strong and good and true,
Who might be honored in every way,
And a grand and noble work might do,
Will ruin it all for the rum they crave,
And go down at last to a drunkard's grave,—
Honor and manhood gone.
They're nothing to us, the tears and sighs,

Of the down-trodden wife, or the children's cries,
Or the wreck and ruin that marks the course
Of the slave to liquor; we'll empty his purse,
And then with him we're done.

We defy you once again!

See our great breweries and distilleries stand
In many a city throughout the land!
For the lives they are ruining, what do we care?
We've millions of dollars invested there;
We want every cent that our capital earns,
And the only way to insure returns,

Is to ruin the lives of men;

For this world and the other one, body and soul,
Led on by a power they can't control;
But 'tis nothing to us how they go or where,
Give us their money and what do we care?

They may go to the devil then.

The money is what we will have and must,—
Signed and subscribed,

“THE WHISKEY TRUST.”

ROMANS XII: 19.

Message Divine!
Hear it to-day,
Hark to the word,—
“Vengeance is mine,
I will repay,

Saith the Lord.”

“From what we learn,”
The Coroner said,
“We understand,
He, in the barn,
Shot himself dead
With his own hand.”

Yesterday well,
Manly and strong,
Handsome and gay;
Who then could tell
That one so young,
Would be dead to-day?

Up at the store,
Called for a drink,
Quaffed it and then,—
“Fill it once more,
Here is luck!” Clink!
Drained it again.

Bar-keeper came,
Took in the dime,
Filled up the glass;

Has done the same
Many a time
As the days pass.
Answers each call,
For weak or strong,
Of whatever name;
Friendly to all,—
Does he do wrong?
Who is to blame?

Company gay,
Room all aglow,
Cheerful and warm;
Late he does stay,—
Why should he go?
Where is the harm?

Homeward at last,
Mile after mile,
In the night air;
Till all are passed
After a while,
And he is there.

Feelings are stirred,
Father is vexed,
Seeing him so;

Word follows word,—
Quarreling next,—
Out he does go.

Brain in a whizz,—
Pistol in hand,
Muzzle at head,—
“End it with this!”
Trigger pressed, and
The boy is dead!

“From what we learn,”
The Coroner said,
“We understand,
He, in the barn,
Shot himself dead
With his own hand.”

One poor boy gone,—
Drank overmuch,—
Well, nothing new!
He's only one;
Hundreds of such,
Take the world through!

Dead, just the same!
Did it alone,

No one but he.
Who is to blame?
Is any one?
Who can it be?

Yes, the amount
Lost in that hour,—
Body and soul,—
To the account
Of the Rum Power,
Debit the whole.

Out from the ground,
Like Abel's blood,
His blood does cry,
For vengeance; the sound,
Carried to God,
Is written on high.

It must be met
On the last day;
Here is the word,
Echoing yet:
“I will repay,
Saith the Lord.”

FOR COLUMBUS DAY, 1892, AT PRAIRIE
COLLEGE.

C.

C is for Columbus, a sailor good and true;
Who started out from Palos in 1492,
With three small sailing vessels to cross the ocean wide,
To find out about the countries upon the other side.
A gray-haired man of sixty, a sailor all his life;
Well used to disappointments, well used to care and
strife;
He lifts his anchor, spreads his sails, and starts away
from shore;
God only knows if ever he shall see it any more.

O.

O is for the Ocean, the Atlantic, wild and wide;
To cross its unknown waters, no ship had ever tried;
It was all dark and dreadful to everybody then,
'Twas called the Sea of Darkness and feared and
shunned by men.
'Twas thought the waves were boiling, 'twas thought
that Satan's hand
Was raised to clutch the mariner who sailed too far from
land;

And when Columbus started across it with his men,
'Twas thought they never, never, would see their
their homes again.

L.

L is for land which at last came in sight,—
The cry that rang out from the Pinta that night,—
The cry that was borne to Columbus's ear.—
The cry that he wished more than all else to hear;
For 'twas more than two months since he and his band
Had started across from their own native land;
And naught could look better to him and his men,
Than the sight of the fields and the forests again.

U.

U is for unfurl; Columbus unfurled
The banner of Spain above the New World;
Then planted the cross, knelt down on the sod,
And offered his thanks and his praises to God;
Who had guided him over the ocean so wild,
Had kept a watch o'er him as over a child,
Had managed it all with omnipotent hand,
And brought him at last to this beautiful land.
Let us never forget, where'er we may be,
The same God is watching o'er you and o'er me.

M.

M is for message Columbus brought home
To the king and the queen when at last he did come,
Of the beautiful land he had found over there,
With its climate so mild and its landscape so fair,
And its wonderful wealth of both silver and gold;
But more than all else was the story he told
Of the dark-skinned natives, who might be won
To faith in Jehovah and in his dear Son.
And all was so new and so strange it did seem
To them like a beautiful, wonderful dream.

B.

B is for beginning, which thus had been made;
And soon other vessels, to explore and to trade,
Came over the sea with bold captains and crews,
And all carried home the most wonderful news.
Columbus himself made three voyages more,
In the second of which he discovered the shore
Of the mainland; and then after all of his pains,
He was seized like a felon and sent home in chains.

U.

U is for unkindness, of which much was shown
To Columbus, for all of the good he had done;

He was treated unkindly by those who professed
To be his best friends and to love him the best;
They envied his greatness and grudged him his fame,
And the way he was treated by them was a shame.
But he had one friend who stuck to him all through,—
Who did for him all that a woman could do,—
Good Queen Isabella, so faithful and true.

S.

S is for Spain, from whose shores he set sail,
Determined to conquer but never to fail.
And also for Santa Maria, which bore
The brave-hearted mariner on to our shore.
And S for San Salvador where he at last,
Found land where his perilous voyage was past.

D.

D is for death which came to him at last
When seventy years upon earth had been passed,—
When his great work was finished and all so well done,—
And his friend, the good Queen Isabella was gone,—
The king basely left him, unaided and poor,
To struggle along till life's battle was o'er.
Oh! shame and disgrace! that the truth must be said,
Columbus, when old, often suffered for bread!

But death came at last, and it came as a boon;
For death cannot come to the wretched too soon!
Then, O, how they mourned for him when he was gone!
How they praised him for all the great work he had
done!
He had asked them for bread, now they gave him a stone.

A.

A is for Amerigo Vespucci, who came
Across to see the Western World, of which he'd heard
the fame;
He made no great discoveries, but drew a map so well,
And of the strange new country such a pretty tale did
tell,
That it was named America for him; it seems a sin,
That 'twas not called Columbia; it surely should have
been;
In honor of the noble man who was the first to come
And find the Western Continent in which we have our
home.

Y

Y is for young people, both boys and girls, who may,
While learning of Columbus and observing this, his day,
Be encouraged to do all they can, to do their very best,
And then do like Columbus,—leave unto God the rest.
Though we cannot all be sailors, and cross the ocean

wide,
And find new lands awaiting us upon the other side,
Yet there is work for each one, and the way to do it
right,
Is to go at it with a will and work with all our might.

A LETTER
TO REV. T. E. SPILMAN, DU QUOIIN, ILL.

As I am sitting here to-night,
And have some extra time,
I'll take my pen and try to write
Some lines to you in rhyme;
And to begin with, I may tell
You that at home we all are well,
And hope the same of you;
I'm teaching school this year again,
But "Grippe" got hold of us, and when
The three directors met, why then,
We stopped a week or two.

To make the time do me some good,
I pitched right in to cutting wood,
A thing I like to do;
But as it is three months or more
Since I had done such work before,
It makes me rather stiff and sore,

And very tired too.
So what kind of a scrawl 'twill be,
I hardly like to say;
And I won't promise much, you see,
But will just fire away.

I'd like to ask you "How d'ye do?"
And how is Mrs. Spilman, too?
And how Du Quoin is using you,
And how your work has gone;
Although from what I hear, I guess
That you are making a success
Out of your work down in that place,
For which let God have thanks and praise,
And may he send supplies of grace
To keep it going on;
For, let the work be smooth or rough,
'Twill all be over soon enough,
And I, for one, desire
To work while he shall give me strength,
And be found busy when at length,
He bids me come up higher.

The old Nokomis church, I hear,
Has done some better for a year,
Than it had done before;
It's been repaired, for one good thing,

With a new roof and plastering,
And I don't know what more;
The membership has been increased,
And they have service now at least
Once in two weeks they say;
Though I have not been often there,
You must not think I do not care,
Or that I do not pray
With all the earnestness I know,
That God his blessing will bestow,
Upon the place where, long ago,
My soul was brought, one winter night,
From outer darkness into light;
Where Jesus saved me by his grace,
And made me love the holy place.

I live so far away, you know,
That I could very seldom go,
Much as I wanted to.
And as the Zion church is near,
I thought "Now I am living here,
And here, as elsewhere, it is clear,
That God has work to do,—
And as 'tis the divine command
To do the work that lies at hand,
And do the best we can,
Although it may be nothing grand,

And not exactly what we've planned
If we the mandate understand,
Then we must take his plan."

So I worked on as best I could,
Until it seemed at last,
As if I thought myself too good,
Or felt above the neighborhood
In which my lot was cast;
At least that is what folks could say;
And so I took a thought one day,
If they would let me in,
I would become a member then,
And cast my lot with Zion's men;
It made but little difference when
'Twas where my work had been.
So I have been a Methodist
A year,—no, not so long,—
Some six or seven months I guess;
And now, have I done wrong?

For looking at it in one sense,
I see but little difference
In the two churches' ways;
By the same feelings both are stirred,
Both take their texts from the same Word,
Sing the same songs of praise,—

As Refuge, Lenox, Bethany,
Or "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,"
And in their singing I can't see
 That there is any odds;
Both are in the same fight with sin;
Both seek the souls of men to win;
Have the same punishment to shun,
And the same Heaven to be won,
 And all the work is God's.
They preach salvation just the same,
Through Jesus' blood and Jesus' name;
And the petitions that they make,
Both close the same,—"For Jesus' sake."—

Of course there is the difference still,
Of "God's decrees," and "Man's free will,"
 At least there is the name;
But when we look at it right well,
It seems, as far as I can tell,
 To be about the same.
Salvation is decreed to some,—
'Tis "whosoever will" may come,
 And full salvation claim;
But if they won't I do not see
What God can do except decree
 A punishment to them.
For none are saved except by grace,

And there's enough for all the race,

But then we must believe;

And all the force of God's decree

Depends, or so it seems to me,

Upon the manner in which we

His messages receive.

And so it seems to me that still

The "elect" are "whosoever will;"

And I imagine on that day,

Where the one is, not far away,

We'll find the other, when out from

The gates of heaven, Christ shall come

To bid his followers "Welcome Home."

But for all that, I'm most at home,

Although the time don't often come,

When I get back again;

Get seated as I used to do,

In that old, well-remembered pew

I always occupied when you

Were working with us; then

Listen to Ada Taylor play,

And, while the music rings,

It makes me think of Mary Day,

And others who've been called away,

And of—O, well, I cannot say

How many other things;

Fred Paddock, Mr. Edmonds, too,
And most of all, Dear Friend, of you,
 And how 'tis changed since then;
And of the saying, old and true,
That that is just what happens to
 The best-laid plans of men;
For ceaseless changing is our lot,
 And nothing earthly can endure;
Then oh! how glorious is the thought,—
We have a God who varies not,
 Let all else fail us, God is sure!

This is a rambling letter, Friend,
 That I have written you;
And now that I am near the end,
I don't know that 'tis fit to send,
 But I will send it, too.
And I will send a thing which may
Be good to scare the crows away,
 Enclosed with the letter;
The artist didn't do so bad,
With the material he had,
 He scarce could have done better.
And now, if you will but consent
 To do the same as I have done,
You can return the compliment
 By sending a much prettier one.

And, since it is eleven quite,
 And I my say have said,
I'll close by bidding you good-night,—
Asking you when you can to write,—
Put up my pen, blow out the light,
 And hustle off to bed.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER COMMENCE-
MENT DAY.
CLASS MOTTO: RELY ON SELF.

Rely on self; be brave and true;
 Be strong of heart and fear no ill;
The Master has a work for you,—
 A place that no one else can fill.
Shrink not, a coward, from the strife;
 Halt not, nor leave thy place a blank;
But in the battlefield of life,
 Be thou among the foremost rank.

The Jewish lord who went away,
 Entrusting to his servant-men
His talents, bidding them that they
 Should use them till he came again,
Had praise for what the two had done,
 And gave them each a better place;
But for the timid, slothful one,
 Only dismissal and disgrace.

Your Lord has placed within your charge,
His talents, and for the amount,
Whether it may be small or large,
Will surely call you to account.
Fear not to use them day by day;
To keep them gaining do your best;
That when you meet him you may say
“Lord, here is thine, with interest.”

Rely on self; be not dismayed;
Though dark the sky and overcast,
At times, yet be thou not afraid;
Press onward, it will soon be past.
Be fearful only to do wrong;
Be zealous ever to do good;
Live thou a life, if short or long,
Of earnest, noble womanhood.

And yet the motto will not do;
The time will surely come to you,
And come to every one,
When self will fail us utterly,
And leave us nothing to rely,
Nor fix our trust upon;
When strength shall fail and sight grow dim,
And the brain reel and senses swim,
And our stout hearts at last give way,

And friends shall gather round and say
“ ‘Tis ended,—Death has come again.”
What of our self-reliance then?

When we are called around the Throne,
To stand before Jehovah’s Son,—
The lowly One of Nazareth,
Who bore that bitter, bitter death,

To take our guilt away,—
Not hanging now upon the cross,
But sitting there to try our cause
According to Jehovah’s laws,

On that grand, final day,—
What of our self-reliance then,

If that be all we claim?
Self-poised and strong though we have been,
’Twill help us very little when
The Judge shall call our name.

Our strength and pride will all give way;
And we will simply have to say

“In myself I am undone ;
Thou must save and thou alone;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

There are some things that we must do,
Some trials that we must pass through,

That are beyond our powers;
Some difficulties to be met,
In which we'll find that we must get
 Some stronger arm than ours;
So this is what we'd better do,—
Rely on God to help us through.

PETER McCONNELL.

Give o'er your mourning; dry your tears;
He was a Christian sixty years.

A man hard-working, honest, plain;
 His life was one of toil severe;
Of up and down, of loss and gain,
 Of constant labor, year by year;
Of planning how to make his way,
 And how to manage for the best;
Of work that brought but little pay
 And left but little time for rest.

Full six feet high, with shoulders broad,
 A very giant he had been;
 A kindly, honest soul within.
A kindly, honest soul within .
His hand, though rough and hard indeed,
 Was ready any time to do

A friendly turn for one in need,
Or help a weaker brother through.

And yet with all his work and cares,
About the world and its affairs,
He always had a ready word
To speak for Christ, his blessed Lord;
No difference when called upon,
No matter what was to be done,
Sermon, or song, or prayer, he still
Was quick to do his Master's will

How often have we heard him here,
In accents earnest, strong and clear,
Proclaim God's message from above,—
Tell us that he is stern and just,—
Tell about Christ, the Savior's, love,—
Speak of the Christian's hope and trust,—
Warn us to live so that we may
Be ready for the Judgment day!

How often at the altar there,
We've seen him bowed to God in prayer!
Have heard his earnest, heartfelt voice,
Give thanks to God for all his joys,—
Owning him as the one from whom
Each good and perfect gift must come,—

Praying for help in time of need,—
For grace to make each word and deed
Such as the Lord could own and bless,
And look upon with friendliness;—
For blessings on his fellow-men
In all their work on earth, and then,
When all is done, that God would take
Us home to him, “for Jesus’ sake.”

No more we’ll see him bow,
We’ll hear his voice no more;
His work is ended now,
His task on earth is o’er.
How it was done we cannot tell;
Whether he was knocked down or fell,
If he was kicked or trampled on,
Is something that will ne’er be known.
We know this much,—that he went out
To do the work and chores about
His barn, and stayed so long away,
They went to find him; there he lay,
With a great gash cut in his head,—
Upon the barn-floor,—cold and dead.

Of course there was a stir,
And an excitement then;
They called the coroner,

And got the jurymen;
Brought in the folks upon the place,
And had them tell about the case;
They found out all that could be known
About the way in which 'twas done,
And then agreed with one consent,
It must have been an accident,
But that just how it came about,
Was something they could not find out.

And then the funeral,—
The laying in the tomb,—
The last sad rite of all,
That to each one must come.
“When I am buried,” he had said,
“Do not say much about me then;
The sermon cannot help the dead,
But may do good to living men.”
The people in the neighborhood
Knew all about him anyhow,
And, if his life were bad or good,
The sermon could not change it now:
So they observed his last request,
Made no grand talk and no display,
But laid him in the grave away;
Leaving to God, who knew him best,
To call him at the final day.

A life of faithful work well done,—
A life of care and trouble past,—
A life that was a noble one
Is ended; death and rest at last!

Twice had he made himself a home;
Twice had the flames destroyed it then;
And forced him, when old age had come,
To go through all the toil again.
The third was but a humble place,
And poor enough to some might seem;
But it was cheered by love and peace,
And was enough for one like him.
But he has left it now and gone
To a far brighter, better one;
A place that is not built with hands,
That in the heavens eternal stands;
A place whose beauty can't be told,
Whose streets outshine the finest gold,
Which has no need of star or sun,
For light comes from Jehovah's throne;
Where sorrow never comes, nor care,—
“Nor sin nor death can enter there;”
A place whose joys can ne'er grow less,—
A home of perfect happiness.

I think I see the old man now,
Transformed and changed, he can't tell how;

Active again, and straight and strong,
As in the days when he was young;
Released from care, from pain set free,—
Gone all of his infirmity.

All strange and grand new does seem,
He scarce can think 'tis not a dream;
He sees all round him glorious scenes,
He can't imagine what it means;
And on and upward still he goes,
And the bright scene more glorious grows,
Brighter and grander still the view,—
“Can this be Heaven I'm coming to?
Are these the gates of pearl I see?
Is this the place prepared for me?
And that bright being at the throne,
Is that Jehovah's only Son?
Are these the things I used to tell
About while I on earth did dwell?
Are these the scenes I now behold?
Then sure, the half was never told!”
“And what is this?” as he draws near,
“Is it to meet me Christ does come?
Are they for me these words I hear?
‘Come, brave old Christian, Welcome Home!’”

’Twill only be his just reward;
For through a life of labor hard,

Through ups and downs of every sort,
“Through evil and through good report,”
In times when all was clear and bright,
In times as dark as deepest night,
Through all the years that went and came,
He served his Master just the same.
In joy or sorrow, all along,
His faith was ever deep and strong;
His hope and trust were always bright;
His work was done with all his might;
And now that it is past and gone,
 Give o'er your fears and dry your tears;
For Christ will not forsake the one
 Who was his follower sixty years.

MATTHEW IV: 13.

“Into temptation lead me not;”
For I am weaker than I thought;
I thought I had the strength to do
Whatever Conscience told me to;
I thought I had the power to shun
The things it bade me leave undone;
But now my weakness all I see;
I come for aid and strength to thee,
Praying, in words that thou hast taught,
“Into temptation lead me not.”

The narrow path I wish to tread;
To follow where my Master led;
But 'tis a rough and rugged way,
And easy 'tis to go astray;
Temptations lie on either hand
That I am powerless to withstand.
Oh! save the soul thy blood has bought,—
“Into temptation lead me not.”

My service I would give to thee,
Would bear the cross thou sendest me,
Would do thy bidding day by day,
And be thy follower all the way.
The spirit wills but flesh is weak;
I come to thee, thy help I seek;
I dare not trust myself alone,
I cannot be depended on;
Of my own strength I dare not boast,
It fails me when I need it most,—
Lord, if thou leave me, I am lost.

I would be brave, I would be strong,
To fight thy battles all along;
To run my race with faithfulness,
And keep the faith which I profess,
And win the crown which thou, in love,
Wilt give me in that home above.
Oh! help me here thy name to own,

And make me worthy of the crown;
Help me to serve thee as I ought,—
“Into temptation lead me not.”

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY AT ZION, 1893.

It is a saying, old and true,
In anything we try to do,
We need grace, grit and greenbacks, too,
 To make the work go on.
And we will find it is the case,
That, though we have the grit and grace,
They will not take the greenbacks' place,
 Nor do the work alone.

And anybody not a fool,
Will see that we must heed this rule
Right here in Zion Sunday-school,
 If we our work would do.
The grace—we look to God for it;
And we believe we have the grit;
But we can't go ahead a bit,
 Without the greenbacks, too.

There are so many things we need
To make our Sunday-school succeed,
That it takes greenbacks, yes, indeed,

It does, and takes a lot;
And so to-night we make a call
To each one here, both large and small,
And we shall ask you, one and all,
 To help us; Will you not?

MR. AND MRS. L. V. BURKE. 1834-1894.

Just sixty years ago to-day,
 The Justice made them man and wife;
And started them upon their way
 Across the sea of married life.
'Twas not a very grand affair,
 They didn't make a great display,
But had a quiet wedding there,
 Just sixty years ago to-day.

They didn't take a palace car,
 When they their wedding tour did make,
To visit friends and lands afar,—
 Because there wasn't one to take.
They didn't send the news abroad
 By telegraph or telephone,
Because there weren't any wires
 For them to send the message on.

They didn't have to turn the gas,
 Or sit by an electric light;

They either went to bed at dark
Or lit a candle after night.
And so they settled down in life,
All in a good, old-fashioned way;
And made their start as man and wife,
Just sixty years ago to-day.

The anniversary day has come;
And we have met together here,
To see the old folks in their home,
To spend the day in social cheer,
To do a dinner justice, such
As they alone know how to make,
And 'specially to get a slice
Out of the anniversary cake,—
The great big cake, the monster cake,
Of all the cakes I ever saw,
It is the one that "takes the cake."

The journey that they started on
So long ago, will soon be o'er;
They've almost crossed the sea of life,
And soon will reach the other shore.
A good, long voyage it has been,
Such as we very seldom see;
And cheerful as the part before,
We hope what is to come may be.

God grant they may be pleasant days,
The few or many that may come;
And that no sorrow nor distress
May ever light upon that home;
Grant them a peaceful ending to
The long life-journey, on which they
Set out together, man and wife,
Just sixty years ago to-day.

July 14, 1894.

ON MY 30TH BIRTHDAY.

I'm thirty years of age to-night;
So quickly past the time has gone;
And you, if I remember right,
To-morrow will be twenty-one;
And thoughts are going through my mind,
Faster than I can write or tell,
About the years which are behind,
And those which are before us, Belle.

Life is a book for us to write,
And each of us must write it through;
And with each year that takes its flight,
We add another page thereto.
For me "page thirty" is the last,—
I will not say how well 'tis done;

And when another day is past,
 You will complete "page twenty-one."

Time turned the leaves a year ago,
 And they were clean and smooth and white;
Time turned the leaves a year ago
 And then commanded us to write.
We had no choice but to obey,
 So, sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
We have been writing, day by day,
 Until we have them filled at last.

Yours may be filled, it is, no doubt,
 With little in of blur or blot,—
With little you would cancel out,—
 But I must own that mine is not.
There is so much that's poorly done, —
 Such blots in almost every line,—
I am almost ashamed to own,
 What I must own, that it is mine .

But there it is and there must stay,
 Just what we did and when and how;
And let us try it as we may,
 We cannot change the record now.
The days, with sunshine and with shower,
 Kept coming, passing, on and on;

Each gave us four-and-twenty hours,
And then it was forever gone.

We think so little of our days,
As they keep passing, one by one,—
We think so little of our days,
Until we find a year is done!
God help us better work to do,
And to work harder while we may;
God help us to remember, too,
That we've no time except to-day.

The time that's past is ours no more;
With it we are forever done;
And time that is to come, before
'Tis here, cannot be called our own.
So we have nothing but to-day,
In which to work; God help us then
To use it rightly while we may,—
“To-day shall never dawn again.”

“What I have written,” Pilate said,
“That have I written,” and it stands.
He would not change the way it read,
For those fierce, angry men's demands.
But left it standing just that way,
To show that they condemned to death

And crucified, that awful day,
Their King, Jesus of Nazareth.

And your life-story, Belle, and mine,
Whether they tell of gain or loss,
Will be as changeless as the sign
The Roman wrote above the Cross.
Oh, would that we the lines could run,
So straight and true that we with pride,
Could look back o'er them when we're done,
And say that we are satisfied!

But we are human; and we know,
Though we may try to do it well,
The record of our work will show
That it has not been perfect, Belle.
So all that I see left for you
And me is just to do our best,
The work He gives to us to do,
And then to trust Him for the rest.

He knows us well, that we are dust;
He looks with love on all we do;
He tells us He is stern and just,
But is a God of mercy, too.
.What can we do but trust him, then,
To help us, through the years to come,

To do our work aright, and when
We have it done, to take us home?

Another year is now begun;
The leaves are turned for us anew;
I've started on "page thirty-one,"
And you must write "page twenty-two."
The paper is so white and fair,
I stop and ask, almost in fear,
Oh! what will be recorded there
When we have lived another year?

How much of joy does it contain?
How much of pleasure will there be?
How much of sorrow, grief or pain,
Within the year for you and me."
What will the pages have to tell,
Of faithful, earnest work, well done?
What will the pages have to tell,
To make the year a noble one?

Shall we both live to write them through?
Or shall we hear the summons come,
While we are busy writing, to
Leave it, unfinished, and go home?
God only knows how that will be;
'Tis something that we cannot tell;
It is my earnest prayer that He

May watch and guard and guide us, Belle.
Oct. 26, 1892.

KADESH-BARNEA.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
A race of slaves, on freedom bent;
With cloud by day, by night with flame,
Which went before where'er they went,
Their God and Father led them on,
Across the sea, across the sand,
Through deserts drear, by mountains lone,
Toward their fair home, the Promised Land.

Their enemies around gave way,
And were subdued before their face;
And they had manna day by day,
And water in the desert place.
And he had led them many days,
And been their guide until 'twould seem
They would have learned to know his ways,
And would have learned to trust in him.

The land is stretched before their eyes;
They know the effort it will take
To enter and possess the prize,
And this the choice that they must make:

"Press boldly on; give o'er your fears;
The promised land you may possess;
Or, turn and wander forty years,
And perish in the Wilderness."

"The land was given, long ago,
To him from whom you claim descent
'Tis yours by birthright, only go
And take it to its full extent.
What of the forts that bar the way,
And cities walled in, high and strong!
Go up and conquer them and they
Will help you as you march along."

Sad thought! that they should shrink in fear!
Sad fate! to make the coward's choice!
To turn away with heedless ear,
From Caleb's and from Joshua's voice!
To turn when they had all but won
Their home of hope and happiness,
Be wanderers till life was done
And perish in the Wilderness!

So runs the story. Let us read
It carefully and try to find
Its lesson for us, for indeed,
It has a lesson for mankind.

To each of us there comes a time
When we must choose, and we alone,
A life of thought and deed sublime,
Or else an empty, idle one.

In youth we have to guide our ways,
The parent, teacher, pastor, friend;
They help us on until the days
Of childish things are at an end;
They lead us till we reach the place
Where we up honor's height may press,
Or turn away, forego the race,
And perish in the wilderness.

The highest good that life can give,
Is waiting for us at the top,—
Is ours if we will bravely strive
To reach to it before we stop.
'Twill take an effort, it is true;
No prize of worth was ever won
By any one, unless 'twas due
For faithful, earnest work well done.

Men have toiled hard for centuries,
To gather in from Wisdom's field,
The treasures that she ever tries
To hide, and seems so loth to yield;

And all that has been garnered thus,
By care and toil in every age,
Has been bequeathed by them to us,—
Is ours by right of heritage.

Is ours, but guarded jealously,
As should be such a precious store;
Persistent effort wins the key,
The only one that opes the door;
And we must toil and we must climb,
Press bravely on and never stop,
If we would scale the height sublime,
And win the treasure at the top.

And fear and sloth will come and say
“The road is rough and steep and hard;
And difficulties bar the way
And stand ’twixt you and your reward.
Better to drop it; never try;
Crush out the voice that calls you on;
And eat and sleep and live and die,
And pass into oblivion.”

Don’t heed them. Let us hear the call
To higher thought and nobler deed;
And be resolved that, spite of all
That holds us back, we will succeed;

The difficulties that we meet,
By courage can be overthrown
And used as steps beneath our feet,
That we may climb the higher on.

Let not our courage die away,
Or zeal grow cold, or efforts drop;
Let us press upward day by day,
Nor cease until we reach the top;
And the reward that we shall find
Awaiting us, will well repay.
The years of toil which lie behind,
Through which we struggled up the way.

The door to Wisdom's treasure-shelves,
Will then for us stand open wide;
And we have but to help ourselves
To what there is for us inside;
And honor will attend us there,
And pleasure of the noblest kind;
And choicest fruits that life can bear,
On that blest summit we shall find.

Kadesh-barnea! Let us learn
The lesson that thou hast to teach;
That we may have, unless we turn,
The highest good within our reach.

And let us free our mind from fear,
And up and onward ever press;
Not turn and wander all our years
And perish in the wilderness.

LINES TO A SCHOOLMATE.

Eight years and more have passed away,
Since I, one bright September day,
Went up to the Nokomis school
To spend a term with book and rule;
Thinking that thus I could review
The little I already knew,
And take up other branches too,
And try to make it pay;
Determined that I would not shirk,
But do good, faithful, honest work;
Knowing that I would have to go
Clear to the bottom of the row,
And work with all my might if I
Expected to get very high;
Green-looking as you ever see,
And awkward as I well could be,
I wonder what you thought of me,
That bright September day!

I'd been a farmer all my days,—
Had poverty against me too;

I was unused to city ways,
And all to me was strange and new.
Not that I think there's any shame
In poverty or country birth;
For these a man is not to blame
Nor do they show his real worth.
As true a man as e'er drew breath
May wear the homely farmer's waist;
As true a man as e'er drew breath
May dress himself with city taste.
Hearts that are brave and pure and kind,
Beat under country calico;
And hearts as noble one may find
In dress of a much grander show.
The soul, the part that God has made,
Is, after all, the real thing;
The body, that must fail and fade
And die, is but a covering;
'Tis right to adorn it as we will,
And beautify it all we can,
But 'tis the part within that still
Makes the true woman, or the man.

But you were kind, whate'er you may
Have thought about my country ways;
The days went quickly by, and they,
To me were busy, happy days.

I wish for any country lad,
Bashful and backward, yet no fool,
As kindly treatment as I had
While in the old Nokomis school.

I worked along as best I could;
I studied hard, early and late;
Yet never once thought that I would
Be counted fit to graduate.
It was to me a grand surprise
When Mr. Edmonds called us in,
It seemed to be a greater prize
That it was right that I should win,
But I decided that since he
Had thus permitted me to pass,
I'd do the best I could to be
At least no drawback to my class;
And that no word that I should say,
Nor anything that I might do,
Should ever bring, in any way,
Discredit to the rest of you.

Then came the twentieth day of May,
We called it our Commencement Day,
And said that we were done
With things of school; but we were not;
The name fit better than we thought;

The lessons that through life are taught,
Were only just begun.

Lessons that we, at every turn,
Must meet with and perforce must learn;
Of up and down, of loss and gain,
Of joy and pleasure, grief and pain,
Of peace and plenty, care and strife,—
The lessons of the school of life;
That ever in upon us press,
With no vacation, no recess,
Under a sterner teacher's rule
Than in the old Nokomis school.

The exercises at the hall,
That seemed so dreadful to us all,—
The people who were there did tell
That we got throught them very well.
And we were praised throughout the town,
And told that we had gained renown,
And would be great beyond a doubt,
And then,—forgotten all about:
But that has always been the way
With all great folks; they have their day,
And then move onward to make room
For other great ones who shall come;
And as it always has been thus,
Of course it was the same with us.

Our motto did not seem odd at first,
And didn't suit us very well;
But I don't know that 'twas the worst
That might have been selected, Nell;
It is a noble sentiment.

And one we well may put in force,
That we should never be content
With standing or with growing worse,
But should press on and upward still,
With firm resolve and firmer will,
To ever put beneath our feet
The difficulties that we meet,
Making each one a stepping-stone
To rise a little higher on,
Until we take, our climbing past,
A place among the stars at last.

Among the countless stars which light
The heavens on a cloudless night,
Are Sirius, Rigel, Betelguese,
Alcyone, and a few like these,
Great, glittering, golden, glorious suns;
But most of them are smaller ones;
Each filling its appointed place,
And lighting up a little space;
Each moving so as just to fit
The orbit God laid out for it;

But small or great or near or far,
Each one, the same, is still a star,
And does its part to give the sky
Its beauty and its brilliancy.

Among the sons of men are some
Whose names, for years and years to come,
Will shine undimmed and clear and bright,
As if to guide us by their light,
A purer, better life to lead,
With grander thought and nobler deed;
Whose history will urge us on
To try and do as they have done,
That we, in turn, may send a spark
Of light to some one in the dark.

But that is only for a few;
'Tis not a thing that all can do;
'Tis not for all of us to climb
Far up into the heights sublime,
From which our light shall shine afar,
Like to a bright and glorious star;
Yet each of us may fill his place,
And each may light a little space,
And each give what he can of light,
To help to brighten earth's dark night,
And help to give our nether sky
A beauty and a brilliancy.

If we've no brightness of our own,
Like planets, we may still be seen,
By light reflected from that one
Who is our glorious centre-sun,—
The lowly Nazarene.
God help us that our light may shine
So bright to those within our reach
That they may see the light divine,
Reflected in our deed and speech.
God grant us, when our light goes down,
And flickers out, and all is o'er,
To make us stars, that, in his crown,
We may shine on forever more.

Our influence may not reach far;
The great wide world may never know
Of what we do, or who we are,
Or when or how we come or go;
And yet the world may, for all that,
Be better, since to it was given,
The class that graduated at
Nokomis school in 'eighty-seven.
For me, though it be little gain,
I shall not count my life as vain,
If I, throughout the years to come,
Can only sound a warning note,
Or strike a blow, or cast a vote,
Against the power of rum.

There were some folks I used to know,
(This happened many years ago,
 And many miles away,)
Father and son at night came home,
Both of them had been drinking some,
 In town throughout the day;
They quarreled, though what 'twas about,
Neither could tell; the boy went out;
They waited for an hour or more,
 Then went to look for him outside,
And found him on the old barn floor,
 His pistol lying at his side;
He'd fired the ball into his head,
And when they found him, he was dead.

I went to work about the place;
I'd go into that barn at night,
And think I saw the poor boy's face,
 All stained with blood, yet strangely white,
And think I saw his poor, dead hand,
 In warning gesture lifted there,
As if to say "Take heed, my lad!"
 'Twas rum that brought me here; beware!"
It scared me, too, if truth be told;
 Went through and through me like a chill,
 And seemed to make my heart stand still;
(I wasn't seventeen years old;)

And taught me for all time to come,
To fear and hate the power of rum.

“Dis body ’long to Marse Legree,”
Said poor old Tom, “Dis soul am free;
It ’long to God alone.”

The slaves in liquor’s clutch to-day,
Have neither right nor power to say
That that much is their own;
Held down in fierce and firm control,
Body and spirit, mind and soul,
Serving a master harsh and hard,
Who gives them nothing for reward,
But bloodshot eyes and bloated face,
And reeling gait, and tainted breath,
And shame , and sorrow, and disgrace,
A ruined life, a drunkard’s death,
And Heaven’s joys forever lost;
O, will they ever count the cost?
And stop and meditate, and see
How terrible the end must be?
And rouse themselves in all their might,
To stand for God and good and right,
And drive away this blighting curse
Forever from the universe?

I needn’t say I hate the stuff,
No difference where ’tis met nor how;

I guess you'll know that well enough,
By what I've written to you now.

But I believe I'll stop before
I get from bad to worse and worst;
I've written now a great deal more
Than I intended to at first;
And for what end, or with what aim,
To save my life, I couldn't tell;
For I am sure I cannot claim
That it will interest you, Nell.
Something, what 'twas I do not know,
Set me to thinking of the time
We spent in school eight years ago,
And—well, it ended in this rhyme.
Pardon my boldness, if you will,
In writing to you, and I'll end
My rhyme by signing, if I still
May sign myself as such,

Your friend,
Hugh Archibald.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

“The Lord turned water into wine!”
Just read your Bibles and you'll see;
He went up to a marriage feast

Away out there in Galilee,
And by and by the wine gave out,
 And in some way, by power divine,
He had the water pots filled up
 And turned the water into wine.

And so you silly temperance folks
 Are just a little fast, I guess,
In saying all you say about
 The evils of our business.
You quote the Bible all the time,
 And claim you have support divine;
I guess we can quote Scripture, too,—
 “The Lord turned water into wine!”

“The Lord turned water into wine!”
From this we claim the right to sell
The stuff that takes hold of a man
 And drags him down to death and hell;
It isn’t wine by any means,
 That wouldn’t take him fast enough;
And so we have to fix him up
 A mess of rotten, burning stuff,

That fires the blood and whirls the brain,
 And makes the reason flee for shame,
And changes him into a brute

In everything but form and name;
And all of this we claim that we
Do by authority divine,
Because, out there in Galilee,
The Lord turned water into wine.

We open our saloon doors wide,
We call to men and bid them come;
“Here is the stuff that wrecks your lives;
Here is the stuff that wrecks your home;
We welcome you, both rich and poor,
Of any color, race, or class;
Just so you have the cash to spend,
That’s all we care for. Fill your glass.”

‘And when they fill and fill again,
And drink and drink again, until
The brain is reached and reason flies,
And frenzy overcomes the will,
We watch them as they go along,—
A reeling wreck, that form divine,
And say, “Why, that’s all right because
The Lord turned water into wine.”

We turn a deaf ear to the cry
That comes from drunkard’s child or wife;
We shut our eyes and will not see

The end for him,—a ruined life;
We pay the license that they charge
And then make money if we can;
And care not for the suffering
It brings upon our fellow-man.

Did Christ do anything like that?
Did ever piteous look or word,
Or prayer or tear go out to him,
And be unheeded or unheard?
Did he do anything to cause
Another suffering or pain,
And then care not at all so he
A fortune for himself might gain?

He gave his life to save us all;
He spent his time in doing good;
He taught us that we ought to live
In unity and brotherhood;
He taught us that there is a cord,
That each to each in heart should bind;
It is the thing that we called love,
And charity for all mankind.

We can't turn water into wine,
Nor raise the dead to life again;
Nor heal the blind or deaf or lame,

As did the Lord while here with men;
But that's no reason why we should
Engage in any business
That brings no good thing to mankind,
But only sorrow and distress.

There are some things that we can do,
Some things that are both good and right;
The first and greatest is to love
The Lord our God with all our might;
And then we'll try to be like him;
And spend our time in doing good,
And living with our fellow-men
In universal brotherhood.

TO A FRIEND IN A TIME OF SORROW.

“And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane.” Mark 14:32.

They had been with Him many days;
Along the crowded city street;
They'd learned to know his love and power,
His kindness and his tenderness,
To love him better hour by hour,
To trust his constant faithfulness.
Along the lonely country ways,
Had wandered, oft with weary feet,

And bright and glad the time did seem,
Though filled with labor were the days;
'Twas pleasure just to be with him,
To hear his voice and see his face.
Three years,—how quickly they had passed!
How short the time had seemed to be!
But now 'twas over, and at last
They came to dark Gethsemane.

'Tis so with all; through all our life,
God gives us more of sun than rain;
More peace and joy than care and strife;
More days of pleasure than of pain.
But pleasure cannot always bide,
The time will come, if soon or late,
When we must leave our joys outside,
And enter at the Garden gate.

No matter how we guard the home,
With love and zeal and tender care,
Seasons of anguish and of gloom
Will surely make an entrance there;
No matter how we may contend
To keep our lives from sorrow free,
The time will come when we must spend
A season in Gethsemane.

Death makes his way into our homes,
And takes the ones we love away;
We cannot stop him when he comes,—
We have no power to tell him nay;
Love has no skill to bar his way,
Nor strength to drive him from the door;
We simply must submit and say
We're helpless, and can do no more.

And light and hope are all crushed out,
And all is darkness and despair;
And hearts are filled with fear and doubt,
Till nothing else can enter there.
We cannot think of by-gone joys,
Nor think that we shall ever be
Happy again in future days,
When we are in Gethsemane

They could not see the Saviour there,
When he retired from them to pray,
Biding them tarry where they were,—
And yet he was not far away.
“About a stone’s cast,” that was all,
He went into the shadows dim;
Where he could hear their faintest call,
And come if they had needed him.

And now when we are called to go
 Into the garden dark and drear,
The place of sorrow and of woe,
 We, too, may have the Saviour near;
He says he will not leave us thus,
 And though, perhaps, we may not see,
He's never very far from us
 When we are in Gethsemane.

Sorrow's dark shadow hides all trace,
 So that his form can scarce be seen;
And when we try to see his face,
 The loved one's face comes in between.
We feel so stricken and bereft
 That even the voice of prayer is lost;
And so we think that we are left
 Without him, when we need him most.

God help that we may find him near
 In times of sorrow and distress;
And help us then his voice to hear,—
 “I will not leave you comfortless.”
God help that we may understand
 Ev'n in the darkest hour that he
Will come, if we but take his hand,
 And lead us through Gethsemane.

"Let this cup pass," the Master prayed;
It seemed too much to bear alone;
And then he went right on and said
 "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."
He would be spared the fearful test,
The bitter agony, but still
Was willing, if God deemed it best,
 To bear it, since it was his will.

God grant us strength and faith
 To make the Master's words our own,
And even in the hour of death,
 Like him to say, "Thy will be done."
God grant unto us strength and faith
 Nearer to him and heaven be,
From being called to spend a day
 Of sorrow in Gethsemane.

TO NETTIE ON HER COMMENCEMENT DAY

You haven't ended; just begun,
 You call this your Commencement Day;
You think perhaps that, one by one,
 Your school days all have passed away;
That you are through with rod and rule,—
 That all such things for good have gone;
But that is wrong; in life's great school,

Your work has only just begun.

The lessons that have been assigned
To you, you've learned as best you could;
Under your teachers good and kind,
You've striven for the highest good;
And, as the months and years did pass,
You kept on gaining, till they say
And guide you by his loving rule;
And, in the ways of truth and faith,
Shall keep you gaining all the way,
Till death shall come; but what is death?
'Tis only a Commencement Day!
You're in the graduating class,
And this is your Commencement Day.

Well is it called Commencement Day!
You enter now the school of life;
And it has lessons all the way,
Of peace and pleasure, care and strife,
Of up and down, of loss and gain,
Of something new at every turn,
Which may give joy or may give pain,
But which you'll be compelled to learn.

God grant it be in love, not wrath,
That he shall teach you in this school;
Shall lead you in the narrow path,

Commencement of that school above,
Where brighter lessons will be given;
Lessons of trust, and peace, and love,—
Lessons of joy, and hope, and Heaven.
And ceaseless ages cannot bring
The day when Heaven's school is done.
Ah, sister, there is no such thing
As ending! You have just begun.

Litchfield, Aug. 22, 1895.

JOHN 14: 18.

Written when sister Agnes died.

Give o'er your sorrow and distress;
“I will not leave you comfortless.”

He'd told them he must go away,
And they were troubled and distressed;
They did not know just what to say,
They did not know that it was best;
He saw their sorrow and their grief,
He knew the cause of their distress,
And said to them, for their relief,
“I will not leave you comfortless.”

’Twas better that it should be so,
If they had only understood;

God knew some things they didn't know,
And he was working for their good.
The things that seemed so dark just then,
Would bring them greater happiness;
He went, but he would come again,
And would not leave them comfortless.

Nor understand why things are thus;
We know not why they come to pass;
Our vision is not bright nor clear,
We see but "darkly," "through a glass,"
The Messenger came to our home
And took the one we love from us;
We cannot see why he should come,
Nor understand why things are thus.

The stroke is very hard to bear,
It fills the heart with grief and pain;
It seems to us, in our despair,
We never can be glad again;
It seems that sorrow, dread, and doubt,
Must for the future be our store;
And happiness be blotted out
Of our poor lives forever more.

And yet he calls, in our distress,

"I will not leave you comfortless."

The children all he claims as his;
He says, "Of such the Kingdom is;"
No father's and no mother's care
Can be like what she knows up there;
No brother's and no sister's love
Can equal that which reigns above;
And she is happier now by far,
We know, than any of us are.
We can imagine that she waits,
Not very far from Heaven's gates,
And will be there, with brighter smile,
To greet us in a little while.
And when we know that one so dear
Is there, then Heaven will seem more near;
And we will think of it the more,
And deem it more worth striving for.

Teach us, O, Lord! to own thy name,
In sorrow and in joy the same;
Teach us that these afflictions here,
These trials which we must pass through,
That seem so hard and so severe,
Are sent to test and prove us true,
And fit us for a life above,
And for a brighter, better home,

Where all is joy, and all is love,
Throughout the years which are to come.

And teach us when we have to go
Through times of darkness and despair,
That God knows things we cannot know,
And that he has us in his care.
And grant that we may hear the word,
In all our sorrow and distress,
That once was spoken by our Lord:
“I will not leave you comfortless.”

THOUGHTS IN THE WOODS.

I always loved the grand old woods;
It always pleased me when,
Down in its shades and solitudes,
Far from the haunts of men,
I could retire awhile and be
Free from all work and care;
And looking round about me, see
Plain Nature everywhere.

The sturdy trees, the humble moss,
The green grass and the flowers,
The grape vine climbing all across,
To form the leafy bowers,

The bustle of the insect life,
The notes the warblers sing,
The air with fragrant odors rife,—
All tell me of the spring.

The boughs and leaves all motionless,
The quiet steady hum,—
No words more clearly could express,
That summer time has come.
The black crows caw, the squirrels scold;
Nuts dropping from the bough,
The trees, decked out in red and gold,—
Say it is autumn now.

And even winter's frozen days,
When all is bleak and bare,
And the sun lights, with cheerless rays,
A deathscene everywhere,—
Through all, the woods still seem to tell,
As plainly as they can:
Here is God's work; he did it well,
And 'tis unspoiled by man."

"He gives beast, bird, and insect, life;
He decks each leaf and bud;
Come hither, leave your worldly strife,
And walk awhile with God.

Be bright and beautiful in youth,
As are the woods in May;
Be steady in pursuit of truth,
Throughout life's summer day."

"And when its autumn time rolls round,
And busiest life is done;
In virtue robed, with honor crowned,
Enjoy what you have won;
And last, when the death season comes,
As it must come to men,
Give up your life, but, like the trees,
To get it back again."

And so it has a voice for me,
In all my varying moods;
No wonder that I love to be
Down in the dim old woods!
God doesn't seem so far from man,
And Nature, it would seem,
Is waiting to do all she can
To help us on to him.

But this will never do, I see
I'm getting nothing done;
I'll go to work and trim my tree,
And cut another one.

What's the use, I'd like to know,
Of a fellow working so?
To be rich, some people say;
To be honored some fine day;
To be famous, to be wise,
Or to gain some other prize;
Will it be, when it is won,
Worth the labor undergone?

Is it any better thing
To be like Gould, the railway king?
Lived some fifty years or more,
In the start was very poor,
In the end was rich and great,
Died and left some real estate.
Or like some poor man, unknown,
Living here in Audubon?
Lived as long's he was alive,
Started poor, and didn't thrive,
Took things as they came and went,
Died and didn't leave a cent.

Does it pay to toil and plan
To be a learned, honored man?
Deeply versed in best of lore,
Had of wisdom richest store,
Pillar in the church or state,

Was estimated both good and great,
But, for all his works and worth,
Went the way of all the earth.
Or to neither know nor care
For the how, or why, or where?
Never did go much to school,
Couldn't learn nor keep a rule,
Scarce knew how to write his name,
Dead and buried just the same.

“Life is short, improve it well.”
Why? I'd like to have them tell,
Though we try day after day,
To improve as best we may,
Ere we fairly get begun,
Life will end and we'll be done.
What good will it do us when
Death shall come and end it? Then
What's the use to ever start
To improve what is so short?

Let me say that this is wrong;
Life is very, very long!
Not the life that Nature gives,
Not the life the body lives,
That is but a small affair,
Very small, when we compare,

And contrast it with the sum
Of the life which is to come.

Yet tis an important part,
For 'tis here we make the start;
And what we do here will show
For eternal weal or woe.
Therefore I would rather tell
This to all: Improve life well;
And would give a reason strong:
It is very, very long.

But this will never do, I see
 I shall get nothing done,
Unless I hurry, trim my tree,
 And cut another one.

This life is not an idle tale,
 Nor yet an empty song;
If any of us think it is,
 We'll soon find out we're wrong.
The restless, ever-moving world
Takes hold of us, and we are whirled
 On with its busy throng;
And, whether 'tis our will or no,
We cannot stay, we have to go.

We cannot let the throng pass on
And we ourselves stand still;
We're here and we must make our mark,
With or against our will.

There is a work that we must do,
A routine that must be gone through,
And that for good or ill;
And each day's work will help to tell
Whether 'tis poorly done or well.

The world is spread before us all,
With wealth and fame in store;
But only labor wins the key
That will unlock the door.
If some great deed we mean to do,
Or some great prize we would pursue,
Then we must work the more.
No prize of worth was ever won,
But as a meed for labor done.

We must begin while we are young,
To do our work with care;
Unless the fields be sown in spring,
No fruitage will they bear;
The farmer, all the season through,
Might plow or hoe,— no good 'twould do,
Unless the seed were there;

Will for a time be seen and heard,
Will after that lie down and die,
And a few friends will gather round,
And take me to some burial ground,
And leave me there to lie;
Or if they do erect a stone
Above me, it will soon be gone,
And after that,— Oblivion!

Nirvana! Buddha's home so rare!
If we can call that place a home,
Which is no place at all, and where
No form of life can ever come!
Was it the great Creator's plan,
That such should be the end of man?
Did he intend this life to be
So strong at first, and then that we
Should keep on growing less and less,
And end at last in nothingness?

Why should we pass age after age
In going on a downward stage,
And getting small and smaller thus,
Until there's nothing left of us?
Why shouldn't death just end it all,
And blot us out beyond recall?
Why do I live at all? and why
Is it so sure that I must die?

And so it is with us; we can't
Have harvest if we never plant.

And so the whole of life, it seems,
In this one phrase is told;
'Tis simply work,— begin while young,
And work till we get old;
Improve the days as they pass by,
And keep right on until we die,
Striving for fame or gold;
And then pass on and leave our place
To some one else who's in the race.

And then, so far as we're concerned,
The struggle will be o'er;
And this strange thing that we call life,
Will end forevermore.

Our work may for a time survive,
Our forms in some one's memory live,
Our names in history's lore;
But these will fade as time rolls on
And perish in oblivion.
But this won't do at all; I see
I'm getting nothing done,
I'll go to work now, trim my tree,
And cut another one.
Oblivion! I don't like that word;
Nor do I like the thought that I

What am I? Here is a machine,
As well made as it could have been,
Of skin and flesh and blood and bone,
And given me to be my own;
I use it in whate'er I do,—
To work with and to think with, too,—
To feel and taste and hear and see,
And yet I know it is not me.

I know that there will come a day,
When the main gearing will give way,
And all the rest be laid aside;
And men will say that I have died;
And take the old, worn-out affair,
Since 'tis completely past repair,
And put it somewhere out 'the way
To lie and moulder and decay.
But when that's done where will I be?
Or what will have become of me?

A lizard crawling on my arm,
I'd soon shake off for fear of harm.
A fly flew in my face to-day;
I felt and brushed the thing away.
Heat, cold, and pain, I feel all these,
Feel them in different degrees;
But when I'm what's called dead, I know

That hottest fire or coldest snow,
Or anything that causes pain,
Could touch my hand or head in vain.
No matter how severe it were,
It could not make a muscle stir.

Whenever I have on my coat,
Of what may touch it, I take note;
But when 'tis off, a snake might crawl
On it and 'twould not move at all.
So with my body; after I
Am done with it and 'tis laid by,
Nothing can make it feel nor care;
And why not? I shall not be there.
The question is, where will I be?
Or what will have become of me?

But this will never do, I see
I'm getting nothing done,
I'll stop this nonesense, trim my tree,
And cut another one.

When the old Egyptian laid the body of his dead away,
Looking for the spirit to rejoin it at the Judgment day,—
When he wrapped it and embalmed it, and did all with so
much care,
That the soul, returning, might find everything in order
there,—

When he brought his offerings of food and water, off and
on,

Deeming that the dead one rested and was not entirely
gone,—

He was as sincere in sorrow, in his time and in his way,
And as earnest in his acts as any of us are to-day.

Was his dream about Osiris waiting in his judgment hall
With the forty-two assessors, of no good to him at all?
Were the prayers he offered up to Isis, Horus, Ra, and
Tum,

Useless, even worse than useless, since no good from them
could come?

Since he didn't think as we do, had not got so far along,
Must we say that we are right and he was altogether
wrong?

When the Parsee worshipped from his eastern home the
rising sun,

As the fittest, truest emblem of a Power to him un-
known,—

When he kept the fires eternal burning on the mountain
height,

As a service offered up to Aura-Mazda, god of light,—

Was it all in vain that he while living, did the best he
knew?

- Did just what his conscience told him was the thing for
him to do?

Is he lost and lost forever, just because he couldn't see
What the Bible teaches us so plainly and so truthfully?

Are those Scandinavian legends, tales of Woden and of
Thor,

Just a lot of lies and nonesense, nothing less and nothing
more?

And the people who believed them, must we utterly
condemn,

Since what seems so foolish to us must have seemed the
truth to them?

They were honest, earnest men, though rude and rough,
yet brave and true,

And the way in which they worshipped, was the very best
they knew;

They had had no chance to learn of how Christ saves us
by his grace;

Are they then condemned forever to that dreaded outer
place?

See the Brahmin and the Buddhist, groping on in darkest
night,

Ignorance and superstition keeping from their eyes the
light;

No one there to teach them better, no one there to show
the way

That to us seems plain and clear as any thing could be
to-day;

Never having had a chance to learn the way of life at all,
Must they be condemned forever, and be lost beyond
recall?

Will God cause them to be punished, through eternal
ages, too,
For not doing what they never had the slightest chance
to do?

Of the millions who are living scattered o'er the earth
to-day,

Must they all except the Christians, in the end be cast
away?

And the different Christian churches, with their clash
and with their jar,

Each one claiming to be doing better than the others are,
Which among them is the right one? Which one of
them is the best?

Or can all be right when each one is so different from
the rest?

Is theology, then, nothing but just such another mix -
As the stuff that people in America call politics?

Is there any right way to it? Is the one that we now
know,

Any better than the one they followed years and years
ago?

Will some wise man of the future, nineteen hundred
years or so,

Looking back on what we do from what he at that time
will know,

Think like this: Those folks were surely simple both in
thought and way,

Judging by the way they worshipped God in that far
distant day?

Yet we must believe in something, and must follow out
some plan,

In the dealings we may have with God and our fellow-
man.

Infidelity is nonsense; even Robert Ingersoll

Can't explain away the first ten words that Moses wrote
at all;

Everything we see in Nature, in this saying true concurs,
That there is a God somewhere who made and rules the
universe;

And the mind of man, in groping through the ages dark
and dim,

Has but tried as best it could to find him and to worship
him.

We are not to be the judge of those who long have passed
away,

Nor of those who live in darkness and in ignorance to-
day;

We are not to say whose acts are right and whose wrong,
nor are we

To decide whose the reward or whose the punishment
shall be;

All the history of man is such a tangled-up affair,
'Twill require an all-wise being to do justice everywhere;
And 'tis best that we should leave it in the hands of God
above,

Knowing that he will do justice though with mercy and
in love.

Ours to work and not to question; ours to do with zeal
and care,

Our part of the work for God which lies about us every-
where;

Live up to the best that's in us; live up to the best we
know;

And do all the good we can do to those about us as we go.
Be upon the side of Truth in the great conflict of the
day,

Help the cause of God and Right by what we do and
what we say;

Let the rule by which we guide our thoughts and actions
ever be

That one laid down by the Teacher on the hill in Galilee.

But this will never do, I see

I'm getting nothing done,
I'll go to work and trim my tree,
And cut another one.

My thoughts have jumped the track somehow,
And gone back to the folks at home;
It isn't very often now
That I to see them all can come;
For I am married, and believe
That I've as good a little wife
As ever claimed descent from Eve,
And I hope I'm settled down for life.

And yet my thoughts will often stray
Back to that home and those inside;
And oftenest back to the day
When little sister Agnes died;
And we were seated side by side,
To eat a meal as best we could;
And Father bowed his head and tried
To ask a blessing on the food.

“O, God! we thank the—” it won’t do,
Those words are all that he can say;
The sorrow that he is passing through
Has been too much for him to-day.
Death’s shadow is upon the home,
The little one, beloved by all,
Is lying in another room,
Beyond all earthly care or call.

So busy, two short days before,
About her prattle and her play;
Now hushed in death forever more,
And this to be her funeral day;
Even now the hearse is at the gate,
The folks begin to gather, too.
We haven't very long to wait
And they will take her from our view.

Lying enshrouded, white and fair,
Within the casket, small and white,—
O, God! must she be carried there,
And the grave hide her from our sight?
And is it God who sends the blow?
That makes the heart so sad and sore?
What blessing, in this time of woe,
Is left that we should thank him for?

“For all thy goodness—” no, no, no,
To call it goodness will not do;
There is no use in saying so,
We can’t believe that it is true.
A judgment message it may be,
A warning, or a punishment;
Or else we were too proud and He,
To humble us the stroke has sent.

What are the ways of God above,
Or what his thoughts, we cannot know;
But surely 'tis in wrath, not love
 Nor goodness that he treats us so.
We may accept it as our lot,
 And to his will, in meekness, bow;
But what is there for which we ought
 To thank him for his goodness now?

The children all he claims as his;
 He took them in his arms while here,
And said, "Of such the Kingdom is,"
 And said that they to him are dear;
And said that he would go above
 To fit for them a better home;
Where all is joy and all is love,
 Throughout the years that are to come.

We know that he has taken her
 Into that home of light and cheer;
We know that she is happier
 Than we could ever make her here;
We know that sorrow, fear, or pain,
 To her can never more be known;
We know that we may meet again,—
 Amen! Thy will, O, Lord, be done!

Our father cleared his throat, then he
 Began anew his blessing thus:

“O, Lord! we offer thanks to thee
For all thy goodness unto us;
Bless thou unto our use this food;
Teach us to do thy will, and when
The time shall come that seemeth good,
Receive us to thyself, amen!”

O, glorious hope! O, faith sublime!
By which, whatever may befall,
We look beyond the scenes of time,
And see God ruling over all!
God grant to each of us that faith
That makes thy promises our own;
And even in the hour of death,
Looks up and says, “Thy will be done.”

But this will never do, I see
I’m getting nothing done,
I’ll have to hurry, trim my tree,
And cut another one.

Heaven is a happy place,
Christ has said, and I don’t doubt it,
For his word’s enough for me,
And since ’tis a settled case,
I have ne’er thought much about it,
Nor imagined what ’twill be.

I shall try to enter there,
And I want him to receive me,
And to hear him say, "Well done,"
After that I do not care,
For I know that he will give me
All the good that I have won.

But, since one went out from home,
I do sometimes stop and wonder
What things look like up above;
What she found when she had come
To that glorious city yonder,
In the land of light and love.

When at first it met her sight,
What could be the thoughts that filled her?
What she must have said or done?
Everything so grand and bright,—
Did it puzzle and bewilder
The poor, frightened, little one?

Did the Master meet her there?
Tell her that she need not fear him?
So the her sorrow and distress?
I believe he did; somewhere,
I have read those who are near him,
Dwell in perfect happiness.

Could she tell which street to take?
They are all so bright and pretty,
Could she help but lose her way?
But what difference would it make?
Anywhere inside the city,
Must be Heaven, anyway.

Many mansions there, they say;
What can be the use of many?
Can Christ be in every place?
'Twon't be Heaven with him away;
I would rather not have any,
And be near to where he stays.

Maybe, though, it is arranged
So that each one has a dwelling
Like the one from which they've come,
Only beautified and changed,
And in many ways excelling
Even the grandest earthly home.

Then we'll not feel so alone;
And to each there can be given,
Something of his light beside;
Not so bright as at the throne,
Yet enough to make it Heaven,
And to make us satisfied.

And, perhaps, hers looks like home,
 And an angel, in no other,
There takes little Charlie's place;
Other figures go and come,
 One among them looks like mother,
One has father's form and face.

Does she see us here below?
 Can she feel our pain or pleasure?
Would she grieve if we do wrong?
They don't grieve in Heaven, though;
 Joy that has no end nor measure,
Is their portion all along.

And yet, somehow, it does seem
 That, if we should grieve the Saviour,
And if she should see it done,—
If she loves both us and him,
 Joy would partly lose its flavor,
Part of Heaven's light be gone.

But, however that may be,
 She is happy, that is certain,
While with him she does abide;
And, perhaps, 'tis well that we
 Have no power to draw the curtain,
And see the other side.

Sometime we shall understand;
And we shall not need to wonder
What things look like up above;
When we meet and take her hand,
In that wondrous city yonder,
In the land of light and love.

But this will never do, I see
I'm getting nothing done;
I'll go to work, trim up my tree,
And cut another one.

FINIS.

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